

TEXAS BIDS FOR NO. 1

THE WORLD SERIES

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 20, 1985 \$2.50 (U.S.)

*Orlale Brooks Robinson
Challenges the Mets*



Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.



The luck of the Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Red
So smooth—world's best selling Scotch

The Mark of a Man.



A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. \$100, 8 oz. \$180, Spray Cologne 5 oz, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. \$350, \$495, \$600.

55,000 fans didn't pay to see this.

Spectators come to watch an exciting game, not to see a player injured. Yet football injuries do happen. And everyone is searching for ways to make the game safer.

Our contribution is AstroTurf®, the field cleats can't penetrate. On AstroTurf, a player's foot moves with a blow, instead of locking in the turf. Result? Studies over four years show AstroTurf can reduce crippling knee and ankle injuries up to 80%.

Find out how AstroTurf can help your football team play safer, more exciting football. Write: Monsanto, Dept. 157-A, 800 North Lindbergh Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.



AstroTurf

REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Monsanto

Contents

OCTOBER 20, 1969 Volume 31, No. 17

Cover photograph by James Strain

24 All Those Eyes of Texas

The Longhorns spotted Oklahoma 14 points, then roared back to win and pressure mighty Ohio State for No. 1

28 Stadiums Aren't for Sleeping

Not nowadays, anyway, for hockey's incomparable Gordie Howe, who opened his 24th season in triumph

30 The Year of the Rookie

A color portfolio of some of the best pro football rookies, plus Calvin Hall's account of life with the Cowboys

40 Folk Heroes and Birds

The Mets continued to add to their legend, but Brooks Robinson and the Orioles were not all that convinced

52 Passion's Wheels

They are driven by superior weekend sports car drivers and saluted here in paintings by Ed Kaizer

72 You Can't Keep a Good Jumper Down

Competing again after six operations on his broken leg, world record holder Valer Brumel has cleared 6' 9 1/2"

84 A Life for Two Tough Texans

Bulldog Turner and Sonny Baugh look back fondly on the glory years when pro football came of age

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 13 TV Talk | 72 Track & Field |
| 17 Shopwalk | 76 Tennis |
| 19 Scorecard | 80 Horse Racing |
| 58 College Football | 104 For the Record |
| 64 People | 105 19th Hole |
| 66 Fishing | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATION is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office. Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKinnough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$10.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$12.00 a year; all others \$14.00 a year.

Credits on page 104

Next week

LEW ALCINDOR tells his own story, for the first time, and Frank Deford previews the 1969-70 pro basketball season, in which Lew will help upset the old balance of power.

THE LONG SEASON ENDS. Six months and some 170 games after it began, baseball will have a new champion. A report on the high marks and low of the Met-Oriole Series.

SPORTSWRITING isn't all a bed of roses, especially if you think Kelso played third base. Jacques Saniers tells about his time, and hopefully last, three assignments covering sports.

4

Can the generation gap be bridged?

Maybe. Maybe not. But you can negotiate over Ballantine's. The good taste of our Scotch is one thing six generations have agreed upon.



Ballantine's: what Scotch is all about.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF). IMPORTED BY "25" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



This is a summer cottage. Your kid's education. An ocean voyage. Retirement.

Pretty practical way to look at something as patriotic as U.S. Savings Bonds, right? Well, there's nothing un-American about being practical. Which is exactly what you are when you put your savings into U.S. Savings Bonds.

Also, the money you put into U.S. Savings Bonds is obviously safe. In fact, even if your Savings Bonds are lost, stolen, or burned, we'll replace them.

And, in case you have to save

time as well as money, Savings Bonds are surprisingly easy to buy. You can pick them up at your bank. Or have someone else do the paperwork for you by joining the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

Put your savings in Savings Bonds. You could eventually end up with the summer cottage *and* the college education *and* the ocean voyage *and* retirement. And whatever else you want to save for.

Take stock in America Buy U.S. Savings Bonds



Now...to introduce you to the world's
finest all label discount record service



Choose Any Record FREE!

Take any one of these hit albums—or any other record you want
— if you join now and pay the modest lifetime enrollment fee!



Only Records Unlimited gives you:

BIG DISCOUNTS!
Generally at least 33 1/3% ... in
some cases up to 75%!
**UNLIMITED
SELECTION!**

**"TOP OF THE
CHARTS" SERVICE!**
Keeps you up-to-date on
all the latest hits!

**FREE
CHARGE ACCOUNT!**
Charge all your purchases
— on exclusive Records
Unlimited feature!

**NO MINIMUM
PURCHASE
REQUIRED!**
Order only the records you
want... when you want them!

Now... get a free record of your choice
— that's the fabulous introduction you
get from Records Unlimited... the record-
buying service that gives you big discounts
on all records, all labels—with no minimum
purchase required. And you buy on credit
with at-home shopping convenience!

**No limitations—No "minimum"
purchases**

If you buy records regularly—5, 7 or
12 a year—you probably like to make
your selections from a variety of labels.
And you don't want the commitment to
buy a specified number of records. What
you do want is to be able to get the latest
hit records of your choice as soon as they
become available—and to get them at the
biggest discounts available anywhere!

There is never any "minimum" number
of records to buy—ever. You take only
those records you want, when you want
them... generally at savings of at least
33 1/3% off the manufacturers' suggested
list price (see the chart).

Special "Top of the Charts" Service

Every four weeks Records Unlimited
surveys the record industry's "best-seller"
charts and sends you its recommendations.
You receive the special "Top of the Charts"
selection card describing the new hit rec-
ord our survey indicate will be appearing
on all the "best-seller" charts in the com-
ing weeks. You also receive the current
Records Unlimited buying guide, listing

over 300 other current hit records of all
labels (and all types of music) for you to
choose from. If you want to receive the
"Top of the Charts" selection, do nothing.
It will be sent to you automatically. If you
don't want it—or you want to order any
additional records, merely return the "Top
of the Charts" selection card by the date
specified in the postage-paid envelope we
provide. But remember, there is no obliga-
tion to purchase any records—ever!

For every record you do buy, you enjoy
discounts that can save you up to 75%!
(A mailing and handling charge is made
for each record.)

First Record Free

Your first record is free, if you join now
and pay the modest \$2.50 lifetime enroll-
ment fee. And you can select your free
record now from the best-selling records

shown on this page, or you can pick any
other record currently available. Just fill
out and mail the coupon along with your
check or money order for \$2.50 to cover
your lifetime enrollment, and we'll send
the free record of your choice promptly!

records unlimited
Harmony, Indiana 47553

BIG DISCOUNTS ON ALL LABELS

See for Yourself!

Manufacturers' Suggested List Prices*	RECORDS UNLIMITED
\$1.79 through \$1.98	... \$1.19
2.00 through 2.78	... 1.66
3.00 through 3.78	... 2.33
3.79 through 4.58	... 2.49
4.59 through 5.38	... 3.09
5.39 through 6.18	... 3.79
6.19 through 6.98	... 4.49

(Certificate held to get records somewhat higher)

Special-Price Records Each Month!
Leading Labels \$95 + \$2.19 + \$1.40

(Ordinarily sold for up to \$4.79)
*In some areas, records may be purchased at below
manufacturers' suggested list prices.

Records Unlimited
Box 509, Harmony, Indiana 47553
I'm enclosing my \$2.50 lifetime enrollment fee
which entitles me to all the membership benefits
described above. Please enroll me in Records
Unlimited and send me the record—free.

Catalog No.
Title
Label
Also send me the current Records Unlimited buy-
ing guide. I understand there is no obligation to
purchase any minimum number of records, but
that those I do purchase will be mine at discount
prices... and that I may, if I wish, charge my
purchases.

Name.....
(Please Print: First Name Initial Last Name)
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....
Code.....

203-5/74

©1979 Records Unlimited

RU-312/79A



How to stay ahead of yourself

Be forward. Wherever you go, go first by Long Distance. Make appointments by phone before you visit your out-of-town customers. You'll save time. Make your travel reservations by phone, too. Your trip will be smoother. There are lots of other ways our System can help you get ahead and stay there. Our Communications Consultants will be glad to share them with you. Ask them.





Join the revolution.

Be a card carrying capitalist

Finally there's a credit card worth carrying. The Idea Bank's Master Charge.

You can use it in more stores, hotels, restaurants and service stations than any other card.

Across the United States and in 44 countries. Buy anything from airplane tickets to prescription drugs.

American National's Master Charge is the card of the future. But don't wait, it can be yours today.



Use your Master Charge card wherever you see these symbols

American National The Idea Bank

American National Bank is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois.

Join the Idea revolution.

Be a card carrying capitalist.

American National Bank Master Charge
P.O. Box 240, Dept. S-1
La Salle, Illinois 60550

Please send me Master Charge application.

NAME _____ (Please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

We're looking for a \$200,000 investor who isn't a pushover for an old school tie or a scratch handicap.

It's no joke.

You'd be surprised at the number of investors who are willing to trust a \$200,000 account to an investment organization because, among other things, its people know the words to their school fight-song.

Or because the man who's going to handle their account is the same man they play golf with on Saturday mornings.

They consider the credentials of the man, true enough, but they don't really give deep consideration to the credentials of the investment firm.

It's an attitude that practically everyone in our industry—ourselves included—has helped to foster. And it does all of us a disservice.

For each firm has its own way of doing business. And no two firms are identical.

Take our own. Our Investment Advisory Service, for example. Of all such services, we think ours can serve you best.

Not because of the caliber of the single man, but because of the caliber of many men. Because of policies many investors don't consider.

Because we limit the number of accounts assigned to each man. Right now, that averages 30 accounts. (At some organizations, it's more like 300.)

Because we don't believe in an elaborate committee system. (Some of today's best opportunities are fleeting things and committees are decidedly lacking in speed.)

Because we have our research department watch out for special situations—not just stocks with a slightly depressed P/E ratio but stocks with a story to them.

Because, when we find them, we aren't afraid to invest in companies with new ideas.

For a lot of reasons other than the color of our school ties and the state of our golf handicaps, it would be worth talking with us.

To set up a get-acquainted session, contact Ralph A. L. Bogan, Jr. at 135 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603, phone (312) 236-7300.



How could he have been so wrong on Amalgamated Buggy Whip? After all, he is class of '39.

DOMINICK & DOMINICK,
INCORPORATED

MEMBERS OF NEW YORK, AMERICAN, MIDWEST, PACIFIC COAST AND BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGES



track.

STATE OF COLORADO, DIVISION OF COMMERCE & DEVELOPMENT
363 State Capitol Bldg., Denver, Colorado 80202

PLEASE SEND FREE an information packet, including the new Ski Country USA Manual with complete, current details, activities and prices on all areas, accommodations, winter sports events, transportation.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Exp. Coupon-Only, No. 100-100



Go ahead. Sound off. Shout as you carve a christie into forever. If only because, as a matter of form, you feel you should clear the fall line.

In Colorado, chances are, it already is. Well, there's that pine, but pretty much all around you is a snowy carte blanche to a skier's fondest fantasies.

Up. With North America's greatest, most varied choice of modern chairlifts and gondolas. Down. Across virgin alpine snowfields, blocks-wide trails — each tailored for descent at re-entry or poke-along speeds. Around. A full circle of high-country scenery and après-ski camaraderie, should happen to you.

It can.

The coupon shows how. Free and in full color.

colorado



A full color reproduction of Ken Davis' original painting, 25 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending \$1.00 to Department 54, P.O. Box 432, Wausau, New York 1336.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York



Here it is. The winning combination that's sure to set a new track record when it comes to style.

The sweater—a relaxing cardigan in Le Mans blue—just one of the six championship colors in Arrow's brand-new Rallye

collection. The shirt—a perfect go-together, accented by a cross-bar treatment in complementary wide and narrow alternate stripes.

100% Wintuk Oriol acrylic and home machine-washable and tumble-dryable.

Makes it a winner for convenience, too.

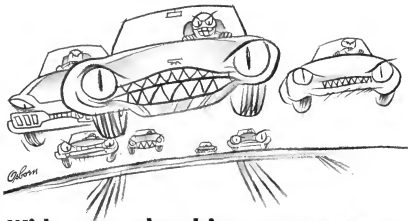
Rallye stripes, from Arrow—a winning set that comes gift-boxed. Looks like a good season. See you at the track.

-Arrow-

A DIVISION OF CLOUTIER BROTHERS & CO., INC.

Introducing Rallye Stripes...

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



With every other driver out to get you, at least your car should be on your side.

Sooner or later you'll find yourself driving down the road thinking you're surrounded by idiots.

And you'll secretly wish you were driving a tank or some giant cement truck in order to make yourself impervious to the madness around you.

These thoughts, of course, are not abnormal. They're simply the ravings of a realist. And could easily lead you to buy a Volvo.

Volvo is designed for the man who recognizes that to DRIVE DEFENSIVELY and WATCH OR Y FOR THE OTHER GUY is the only way to live.

So first, Volvo makes it easy for you to see those who would thwart you in this noble aim.

There are 3800 square inches of glass in a Volvo—more than in many intermediate-sized sedans. So you can see all four corners of the car.

Volvo even comes equipped with rear window defroster, narrowing the possibility of foul weather sneak attacks from behind.

Next, a Volvo makes you feel at home. This is important because your comfort, or lack of it, affects the way you drive. Volvo has bucket seats, adjustable to an infinite variety of positions. There's even an adjustment for firmness and softness in the seat backs.

Volvo possesses the power to let you enter high-way traffic courageously. It's not a funny little foreign car that can't keep up with traffic.

More important than going is stopping. So

Volvo has four-wheel power disc brakes. Disc brakes resist fading even after repeated emergency stops. And they don't stop working in the rain. One magazine reports Volvo to have, "Quite probably, the best brakes in the world."

Volvo has made allowances for the man who enters your lane at a place you haven't yet vacated. Steering is precise: four turns lock to lock. Most cars require five or five and a half turns. And evasive maneuvers performed in slow motion are futile.

Many cars ride as though you're driving on marshmallows. Since you drive on roads, Volvo's suspension is firm. A Volvo doesn't wallow around corners. You drive it, it doesn't drive you.

Perhaps the biggest thing you have on your side when you drive a Volvo is an overall feeling of confidence and well being. Volvos are built so well that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.



Things being what they are today, we can't guarantee your Volvo will survive eleven years. But at least we start you off with the odds in your favor.


SALES AND SERVICE BY VOLVO CAR CORPORATION, 10000 BELLEVILLE AVENUE, SKIDMORE, NY 12152



If you have to stand up to the pre-race inspection, here's just the shirt to do it in. Brand-new Rallye plaids from Arrow. And every one a winner.

This one, a crisp, clean combination of Le Mans blue, accented by a double treat-

ment of white accent plaid. The background color is just one of six by Arrow.

Each a winning blend of 65/35 Dacron® polyester and cotton with contour tailoring, and high, full collar. Sanforized and DEXTON Perma Iron, so it will never need

any ironing. Even when you get to the 200th lap, you'll look as fresh as at the start.

Rallye plaids, from Arrow. In long sleeves, short sleeves, and exact sleeve lengths.

-Arrow-

ARROW CLOTHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

and Rallye Plaids..

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



Lets a lady leave like a lady.

GM's Tilt Steering Wheel is the swinging way to get in and out of a car. A touch of a lever and it swings up and away so you can enter and exit with ease. Swings down easily to just the right position for your kind of steering comfort. And you can swing it up or down—while you're driving—for a relaxing change of pace. Order Tilt-Wheel

on your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick, Cadillac and larger Oldsmobile models offer Tilt & Telescope Steering. See any GM car dealer for a demonstration. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Mich.

**The Swinging Wheel
from General Motors**





Step right up to the winner's circle, and step up in style. With Rallye solids, from Arrow. This one, shown in Le Mans blue—just one of six fast-moving colors that are sure to take all the honors this fall.

Note the contrasting collar piping. And

the pocket detail. It's the kind of styling that will set the pace all season from Daytona to Monaco, from Sebring to the Glen.

Rallye solids—100% Banlon® nylon, they're both home-machine-washable and tumble-dryable. Which lets them take first

place for convenience as well. Also available in boxer style neck. Now all you need to round out the package is a matching Ferrari. See you at the track.

Arrow®

A JORDAN V. ARONSON & CO. INC.

and Rallye solids.

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.

GREAT RUM DRINKS

—four simple recipes

1. Rum & Tea: 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea—tea from India.

2. Rum & Orange: 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outshines all others 3 to 1



TV TALK

The World Series begins, and already one yearns for the sounds of silence

They both won the most games in their divisions and swept their respective playoffs, so it is appropriate that they should appear in the World Series. Thus the old wizard, Curt Gowdy, accounting for the mysterious presence of the Mets and the Orioles in the same stadium so late in the season.

Meanwhile his sidekick, Tony Kubek, is combing the stands restlessly for dignitaries—the same ones as last year, listing a little farther over the rails. Tony congratulates one and all on the outstanding job they have done this year. Since there is, strictly speaking, no answer to this, he doesn't come away with much. Joe Cronin allows that he expects a great Series, so, paradoxically, does Bowie Kuhn. The dignitary who expects a rotten Series is yet to be found, though I hope they never stop looking.

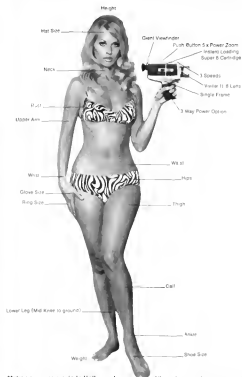
This is the World Series, which even the cautious New York Times once described as "a famous sporting event," and this is the level of discourse with which it is honored. When the Series is over I hope to say something about the pictures. And Mitzi Gaynor—but the first low moan must be reserved for the announcing, which, beginning with the previous weekend's playoffs, was not only banal but strangely ill at ease with the subject. Kubek referred surprisingly to "the speedy Jerry Grote" and assured us that Art Shamsky never hits to left (Art promptly obliterated by dumping one out there, as he does from time to time), and we only learned of Al Wer's presence in the first game when he made the final assist. "That was, er, Al Wer," wrapped up Gowdy. Sandy Koufax doesn't take the big risks that Kubek takes, contenting himself with a "Definitely, Jim" from time to time. And Koufax sounds as if he's about to cry, as well.

For the Series, NBC has at least impounded one local man. But local announcers are often chosen on some equally baffling principle of affable mediocrity so that although they do indeed know their players, they sometimes have trouble sweating it into English. Bill O'Donnell, the voice of Baltimore, told us that Mike Cuellar "looks down at his feet a lot, to relax those rubber arms," although rubber sounds pretty relaxed to begin with, how looking at one's feet helps is not immediately clear. My favorite O'Donnellism concerned the Orioles' handicapped bat boy. "These artificial limbs have not hurt that youngster one bit," O'Donnell exclaimed heartily. Nathaniel West would have thrilled to that one.

And so it goes. Whether baseball commentators are really less articulate than other people or just pretending is a question that probably can't be settled in a short Series.

—WILFRED SHEED

The Vivitar Movie Camera Contest



Make your own movie in Hollywood, starring beautiful actresses, Marilyn Tindell. At last a contest that includes a prize that money can't buy!

Three Grand Prizes: Each includes round-trip airline fare from your home in any state of the U.S.A. to Los Angeles, California. You'll take the world-famous Universal Studios Tour and spend one week at the new Sheraton-Universal Hotel \$500 in spending money. A new Vivitar 85P movie camera. And a day at Universal Studios where, working with a movie director, you'll make your own movie starring the lovely Marilyn Tindell.

The next 20 winners will receive a free new Vivitar 85P movie camera.
How to enter the contest: Nothing to buy.

All you have to do is get an entry form with a picture of Marilyn Tindell on it from your nearest photo retailer. Fill in what you think are her correct measurements and mail. Do all the research you want on your girl friends or wives. But get your entries in early because in case of ties, the earliest entries received win.

Short commercial: This is a great movie camera with a giant viewfinder and a three-way power option. Ask your Vivitar dealer to explain why that's so special. Vivitar movie cameras are priced as low as \$117.

Vivitar products are marketed exclusively by **Pender-Beet**.
Corporate offices: 11201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90064.

Sure you're in line for a promotion. But why wait in line?



These days, seniority alone won't get you an office with a window.

If you're going to get ahead, you have to start every day as if you just got the job. That's where The Wall Street Journal comes in.

Every business day, The Journal delivers the kind of news that a man in business ought to have.

The Journal is put together by the world's largest staff of business-news reporters and editors. Men who know their business—and report what you need to know in yours. News that covers the entire spectrum of business. Significant business news. Useful business news.

It's the kind of news that will get you off the mark a little quicker. And a little brighter.

So if you want to get a head start in business every business day, read The Wall Street Journal. It's an even bet your competition does.

On most newsstands. Or a three-month introductory subscription, \$8.50.*

Write The Wall Street Journal, Department 2B009, 200 Burnett Road, Chicopee, Mass. 01021.

The Wall Street Journal

The national daily source
of useful business news



Once you start using Gillette Super Stainless Injector Blades it's very hard to stop.



(Coated with the miracle plastic that reduces pull.)



Whoever said getting there is half the fun obviously didn't travel for a living.

When you travel for a living, you travel when it's good for your business, not when it's good for you.

Over the years, we've rented more Fords and other good cars to more travelers than anybody else.

In that time, we've come to understand the problems of traveling for a living. And so we've devised ways to actually help.

In a thousand towns and cities where you are a stranger, there's a Hertz office and a Hertz girl. She knows a lot of things about her town just by living there. And we've helped her bridge the gap between what she already

knew and what you're likely to need to know.

Let's say you have the wrong thing for dinner and then you need an all-night drug-store. She can tell you where to find one, give you a map to make sure you get there, and suggest a few other places to have dinner.

Now it may turn out that we can't solve all your problems. It happens. But at least you can be sure someone is ready to listen to them.

You see, at Hertz, renting isn't a Ford is just where we begin.



Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

SHOPWALK

A Bermuda explorer sells treasure and trinkets retrieved from sunken ships

The islands of Bermuda are shaped like a fishhook, and their beauty has caught the heart of many visitors. But just off the pink shores of the island are some 70 miles of coral reefs, which have been snaring ships almost since the island was first spotted in 1515.

Three to 400 wrecks are known to be trapped on the reefs. Many of the vessels are almost completely buried by centuries of sand. Teddy Tucker, a 44-year-old native of Bermuda, has for many years been exploring the old wrecks and bringing up all sorts of lost treasure and trinkets. He retrieves a lot that is fascinating, and everything is for sale.

He has found beautiful examples of potteryware, porcelain and candlesticks, as well as humbler things like shark fishhooks and bird shot used by sailors to supplement their meager fare. There are tobacco pipes and coins and buttons and ship's cannons; and his findings may have come from China or Europe or New England.

Tucker has a great many wrecks left to explore. Some he located with the help of old records and archives. Others he spotted from the air, swinging in a bousin's chair under a balloon. Once he starts excavating, it may take him a month or so, blowing out the sand in the remains of the bulk with compressed air, to tell whether he can hope to locate anything interesting or valuable.

When he does find actual treasure, it must first be offered for sale to the Bermuda government, after which it may be bought by museums, banks (for customer displays) or private collectors. Gold treasure is, of course, scarce and—well, worth its weight in gold. But other items need not be at all expensive. Sailing vessels, for instance, carried as ballast stones which spilled out when the ships foundered and left a distinct trail leading to the wreck; some people like to use these stones—and also recovered millstones—for terraces or gardens. Early 19th century ships carried glass bottles. Some of these have turned iridescent from the sea.

To buy treasure from Teddy Tucker, write to him explaining exactly what you would like, as well as the amount you wish to spend. He cannot cope with vague requests, and for purchases of, say, more than \$5,000 he prefers you go to Bermuda to see the item. Many things can be sent by mail or shipped, but bottles—which are very popular now and which can cost as little as \$3—are too breakable to be trusted to shipment and must be purchased in Bermuda. Tucker has a shop at Gibbs Hill Lighthouse at Southampton and can be reached by mail at King's Point House, Somerset, Bermuda.

—MARY EVANS



*"Cutty Sark first...
the rest nowhere"*

1886. CUTTY SARK was the best.

She was number one. Then, as now,
you had to be best to be first.

This distinguished Scotch carries on
her name and her tradition.



America's No. 1 selling Scotch.

Introducing Zenith CHROMACOLOR

A revolutionary new color television system featuring a new patented color picture tube...that outcolors...outbrightens...outdetails...and outperforms...every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor!

We would like to show you Chromacolor instead of the simulated TV picture of right. Because it is impossible to accurately reproduce the Chromacolor picture in a magazine, we invite you to visit a Zenith dealer and compare Chromacolor with any other color TV.



After years of pioneering research, Zenith introduces one of the biggest breakthroughs in color TV history. Chromacolor. A total system that brings you a color picture over 100% brighter, with truer colors, sharper detail and greater contrast than any giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor.

The heart of the system is the revolutionary new Chromacolor picture tube, incorporating Zenith's patented black-serrownd principle. Where previous giant-screen color pictures have been made up of thousands of tiny red, green, and blue dots on a gray background, Zenith found a way to reduce the dots in size, surround them with jet black, and for the first time, fully illuminate every dot.

You'll see the difference immediately—not only greater brilliance, but dramatically new contrast, new definition, and new sharpness of detail.



Magnified drawing of ordinary color picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

The new Chromacolor system also features Zenith's exciting Color Commander Control

Now one control simultaneously adjusts contrast, color level and brightness in proper balance to provide the most pleasing picture for any light conditions in the room.

Plus:

New Titan Handcrafted Color Chassis with exclusive solid-state Duramodule for greater dependability.

New RGB Color Circuitry is more sophisticated for higher color fidelity.

Exclusive Chromatic Brain with the first integrated circuit ever used to produce a color TV picture.

Exclusive Gold Video Guard Tuner with 16-carat gold contacts for longer TV life.

Exclusive Zenith AFC Control electronically fine-tunes the color picture at the flick of a finger.

See new Zenith Handcrafted Color TV with the exclusive Chromacolor system at your Zenith dealer's. Chromacolor—the dramatic difference you can see in color TV!

ZENITH
®

The quality goes in
before the name goes on

SCORECARD

METS ACROSS THE SEA

Soccer has become a synonym for violence in many of the major soccer-playing countries, including proper old England, the mother of the sport. A few weeks ago 30 fans at a game between Manchester United and Derby County had to watch the game in their stocking feet because the police had confiscated their shoes. The shoes had steel toe caps, or hobnails, or both, and the police, all too familiar with trouble at and after soccer games, said they regarded the shoes as "offensive weapons."

The last evidence of continuing hooliganism brought the following comment from Robin Iser of London's *Daily Express*: "Contrast this situation with New York. There, in one of the world's most violent cities, a place where the murder rate regularly climbs to over 900 a year—compared to 50 a year in London—60,000 noisy and ebullient fans can cram themselves into the Shea Stadium to watch the Mets baseball team. And, win or lose, there will be no steel boots hacking shins, no bottles cracked over heads, no trains ripped apart."

"I'm sure it isn't just the game. Baseball can sometimes be every bit as violently physical as soccer. Supporters are as vocal, fanatical and one-sided as any follower of Rangers or Celtics."

"So why the difference? I believe the explanation is that baseball clubs in the U.S. treat their supporters as people, not as cattle. There is a seat for everyone in the stadium. There are hot dogs, sandwiches, peanuts, even beer in cardboard cartons, just in case—ready to be served to any paying customer in his or her seat."

"Drum majorettes [sic] make a pleasing display on the field, the scoreboards are illuminated and illuminating. The fans are encouraged to bring their families with them. All this seems to ensure that violence on the terraces and on the special trains and coaches which bring the crowds is rarely seen."

"So isn't it about time the game of soc-

cer and the clubs which play it put their houses in order instead of blaming everybody else? After all, it's difficult to kick somebody with your steel hoots if you are sitting down and your wife is beside you and your small son is on your knee."

THE WORD IS CHUTZPAH

Ken Harrelson, the playboy of the American League, charged in his autobiography (*SI*, July 14 *et seq.*) that Gil Hodges, who had been Harrelson's manager when the Hawk played for the Washington Senators, was "unfair, unreasonable, unfeeling, incapable of handling men, stubborn, holier-than-thou and ice cold—a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But just to show that he had no hard feelings, Harrelson called his old manager after Hodges had won the National League pennant with the New York Mets. The Hawk wanted to know if Gil could get him some World Series tickets.

NEAR THING

Nevele Pride, who two months ago trotted the fastest mile ever (1:54.4/5) to break the fabled Greyhound's 31-year-old world record, was retired last week at the age of 4. Trainer-Driver Stanley Dancer had hoped that Nevele Pride, who had won \$871,738, would become the first trotter and second harness horse to win \$1 million, but when a bone chip in the colt's left foreleg—an affliction he has had since the start of his three-year-old campaign—began to act up, Dancer decided to call it a day.

Now Nevele Pride, syndicated this year for \$3 million, will enter the stud (his fee, \$10,000), and his owners should make a mint on him if his progeny turn out to be half as good as the old man. While the syndicate was dreaming of the future, Dancer revealed something that almost happened in the past.

"I was thinking of making a gelding out of him," Dancer said. "He was kind of mean and miserable as a 2-year-old. I had three different men give up on try-

ing to take care of him. It was one of those cases where a couple of times I almost picked up the phone to ask to have him gelded."

Happily, Dancer never made the phone call. If he had, perhaps now harness-racing people would be looking upon Nevele Pride with the same rueful regret with which thoroughbred horsemen view a gelding named Kelso.

FULL CREEL

An Oregonian named Tony Firman went fishing at Howard Prairie Lake with his son and three neighborhood children. They tied a good-sized magnet to a line and went to work. Their catch included five spinning rods with reels, one fly rod and reel, two anchors, some trolling gear and a variety of lures, flashers, sinkers and swivels. No fish, but wait 'til next time.

COST OF LEAVING

Gary Player was bemoaning the life of a professional athlete recently. "People say I earn \$500,000 a year," he noted, "and they may be right. But they forget that I have to leave my family and chase all over the world for it. Last week I was walking with my son in Johannesburg and he said he hoped it would rain so that I wouldn't have to go away. What sort of price do you put on that sacrifice?"

Just as a guess, how about \$500,000?

MOSES OF WATERLOO

Lew Alcindore was spotted as a basketball superstar when he was still in high school, and now football is beginning to focus in on its own high school phenomenon. His name is Jerry Moses, he's 17, 6' 2" and 195 pounds, and he's a running back for East High in Waterloo, Iowa. East High has been rated the best high school team in Iowa for three straight years while running up a 34-game winning streak, which means that Moses is moving in fairly fast company. He was All-State in 1968 and is a shooin' this season. In his first five games this year, he made 22 touchdowns, scored 148 points, gained 927 yards in 65 carries and averaged 14.1 yards per carry.

Moses also made second team All-State in basketball last year, won the state championship indoors in both the high and low hurdles, and set a school record outdoors in the high jump. To top it off, he is co-captain of the foot-

continued



Which man has the DieHard?

If you picked the hand on the right to be that of the DieHard owner, you're right. If you picked the hand on the left, read on, please.

The DieHard delivers extra starting power. In the battery game, power's what counts. And power comes from acid and lead plates. The DieHard holds more acid and bigger plates than any conventional battery.

There's no trick to it. The strong polypropylene walls of the DieHard's case are thinner than the rubber walls of other batteries. That's where the extra room for acid and plates comes from. So much extra room

that the DieHard gives you extra starting power, to start your car when most batteries won't.

Isn't science wonderful? And the DieHard is guaranteed to stay wonderful for five years (probably longer than you'll keep your car).

Sears 5-year guarantee: "Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on

the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard. Sold only at Sears, Roebuck and Company, in the store or through the catalog, \$29.95 with trade-in. Outside

continental U.S.A. (in Canada at Simpsons-Sears) at slightly higher prices. Charge it on your Sears Revolving Charge.



DieHard

Sears

ALLSTATE

ball team, a B student and—inevitably—president of the senior class.

And where will he go to college? He's not sure, but his choice is wide. Waterloo is having a bull market in room reservations for visiting college coaches.

BUGGED

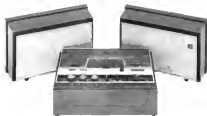
There were reports a few weeks back that some Tartan and AstroTurf fields had been invaded by grasshoppers. The 'hoppers, not too bright, gnawed on the plastic blades of grass for a while, wondered why in the world everything suddenly tasted so bad, and then either sat there thinking about it until they died or finally got smart and hopped away.

Now another insect has discovered the perils of artificial turf. Late this summer LSU installed a Tartan field, but the football team continued to use an old-fashioned grass-on-dirt area for practice. However, after a five-inch rain one night inundated the area, Coach Charlie McClendon switched practice the next afternoon to the Tartan. It worked fine, too, except that the players soon discovered, to their hopping and itching distress, that the plastic turf was loaded with fire ants. Experts concluded that the ants had moved onto the higher, drier Tartan surface after the rain had flooded their home grounds. They probably would have gone back when everything dried out, but—tough luck, ants McClendon didn't have time to wait. He had the field sprayed, and practice went on.

COOK'S TOUR

Excursions to the moon are still pretty far out on the end of the telescope, but did you know that if you want to climb Mount Everest you can get a group rate? Fifty amateur mountain climbers are leaving England later this month for a tour of the lower slopes of the world's highest mountain—lower slopes in this case meaning up to 17,800 feet. Under the aegis of Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., the travel company, they will fly first to New Delhi and then to Kathmandu, and from there they will have the rare privilege of walking 200 miles (at a modest 10 miles per day) until they reach base camp. On the climb itself they will be led by 40-year-old Eric Shpton, a veteran mountaineer. They'll sleep in tents, and Sherpa guides will be along to do the cooking (breakfast at 6, lunch at 11, dinner at 6:30). The price: \$1,224.

continued



Wollensak delivers everything but the horse

For full home-on-the-range stereo, Wollensak is way ahead of the herd.

For example, this Wollensak 4800 stereo cassette recorder delivers a sound as big as the outdoors. An outstanding full-frequency performance from separate acoustic suspension speakers. New solid state amplifier reproduces sound absolutely faithful to the original.

Wollensak interlocked controls provide easier, error-free operation.

Exclusive bi-peripheral drive allows use of a full size fly-wheel for better wow and flutter characteristics.

And it's all enclosed in a handsome hand-rubbed walnut case.

In fact, Wollensak delivers a full line of stereo and monaural tape recorders. Some with separate speakers. Some with handy cassettes. Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company. No wonder you can expect the best from the bold new world of Wollensak sound.

But Wollensak can not deliver the horse.

You'll have to ride your own.

Wollensak 3M
TAPE RECORDERS



All those who just saw the linebacker bite the quarterback's gimpy knee, raise your Jason binoculars.



Jason Statesman 7 x 35 extra wide angle to catch all the action without all the lumps less than \$70.00

If you want to just watch a football game, you can use your eyes. If you want to really see one, you can use Jason binoculars. We have over 40 models: wide angles, zooms, electric zooms, compacts. All with handsome cases. Exclusive features include UVC coating, adjustable eye cups, locked-in prisms, easy finger-tip focusing. From \$15.00 to \$200.00. Wherever good binoculars are sold.

For the free book "How to Choose Binoculars" write:

jason • empire

2820-S Warwick, Kansas City, Missouri 64108

(We have a great selection of binoculars, telescopes, in microscopes, binoculars)

SCORECARD *continued*

"We originally planned for a party of 20," said a Cook's representative, "but in the end there were so many we had to arrange for two groups to leave at the same time."

"It won't be all fun," he added. "After all, there's the altitude to contend with, and as for the Sherpas' cooking—no one can vouch for that yet."

NO TROUBLE IN RIVER CITY

Mitchell W. Melton, a Pennsylvania state legislator from Philadelphia, has introduced a bill in the state house of representatives that would lower the minimum legal age for playing pool (or billiards) in a pool hall (or billiard parlor) from 18 to 16.

"Time was," says Melton, "when the pool hall was classified somewhere between a Bowery hotel and a place the Salvation Army sang in front of every Saturday night. Well, those were the times that were—not the times that are. Lowering the age to a more realistic 16 will provide another recreational facility for our young people."

GREATER LOVE

Jim Robertson, sports editor of the *Door County Advocate* in Saugeen Bay, Wis., writes a column called "Swami," in which he predicts the scores of local high school football games. A week or so ago he declared that Southern Door High School would beat Manitowish Lutheran 34-12. With a minute to play and the score 28-12 in its favor, Southern Door pushed over a touchdown. A try for a two-point conversion failed when a reserve end dropped a pass in the end zone, and the game ended with the final score precisely 34-12. The reserve end was Kurt Robertson, Swami's son.

THEY SAID IT

- White House reporters, told that the President had not yet decided whether or not to attend the opening game of the World Series: "If he doesn't go, can we use his tickets?"
- Lee MacPhail, New York Yankees general manager, noting that pro football has been criticized for the number of preseason exhibition games it plays: "If we could get 60,000 people into Yankee Stadium for an exhibition game, don't kid yourself, we'd do it, too."
- John Hadl, San Diego Chargers quarterback, asked if boos bothered him: "No, I'm strictly a beer drinker." **END**



Will your boy scoop them up like Pee Wee Reese?

Class, if ever a ballplayer had it, it was Pee Wee Reese of the old Brooklyn Dodgers. Cool under pressure, he made the hard ones look easy, the easy ones automatic. Murder on short flies, he had an arm that could throw out the fastest runner from deepest short.

Stealing bases when they were crucial, getting the big hit when it was needed, Reese won more games more ways than anyone thought possible. A member of eight All-Star teams, many call him the greatest short-stop the Dodgers ever had.

Maybe your son won't turn into another Pee Wee Reese. Not many children do become sports stars. But every youngster—including yours—can be physically fit as the most talented athlete. It will help him get more fun—more of everything—out of life.

Equitable knows how important good health is—and urges you to encourage physical fitness at home, at school, in your community. When you do, everyone comes out ahead. Your country, your family—and most of all, you.

 **THE EQUITABLE**

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
New York, New York 10001

George Loh

For an attractive \$4.00 (U.S.) gift (plus \$2.00 U.S. tax), send your name and address and the \$4.00. PEE WEE REESE to Equitable, CPO Box 1878, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
© The Equitable 1969



ALL THOSE EYES OF TEXAS

They were on Darrell Royal's Longhorns in Dallas last week as Texas spotted Oklahoma 14 points, then roared back **by DAN JENKINS**

It has always been the kind of game where, as Darrell Royal says, you are asked to screw your navel to the ground and scratch, bite and spit at the other guys. And this time would certainly be no different. It would be a rowdy amplification of all that had come before it. It would be, said Royal, the usual old-fashioned, country, jaw-to-jaw, "knucks-down gut check." Knucks down? Yeah, like when you shot marbles as a kid and then you started playing "kicks," and everybody got knucks down, and you hoped the other guy's hand would quiver, and if it didn't you knew you were "all covered up with trouble."

This is what the Texas-Oklahoma football game has always been, said Royal, who dresses Madison Avenue but talks Okie to get laughs. Royal knows all about Texas-Oklahoma warfare. He played in the game four times as a Sooner, and after last week's gut check he had coached Texas in it 13 times. Most of the time Royal has won the game.

He was 2-2 as a player under Bud Wilkinson, and now he's 11-2 as a coach. Now his resourceful Longhorns have done it to Oklahoma again in what surely must be college football's grandest, throughest, most frenzied pageant.

There were nothing but heroes down there in the Cotton Bowl last Saturday in gusty, hot Dallas as the two powerful, undefeated teams came together for the 64th time, nothing but guys willing to have their tummies checked by the tormenting pressure of the day, by the fretful necessity of winning an annual war between two football-crazy states in the middle of all the confusion, noise and merrymaking of a state fair. "These are the two best Texas and Oklahoma teams since about 1963," Royal said. "If we are what we're supposed to be—a contender for that No. 1 thing—then we have to win this one."

It took awhile. Chuck Fairbanks' remarkably poised and disrespectful Sooners tore into the burnt-orange jerseys of the favored Longhorns for a totally stunning 14-point lead in the game's first 11 minutes. Not only that, the Sooners, with

Curving like a parenthesis, Cotton Spayner gathers in a pass for Texas' first touchdown

continued

Steve Owens churning over everything in his path and young Jack Milder looking as cool as if he had been born in the Cotton Bowl, suggested that they might be capable of doing it all afternoon. Texas is, however, what Royal says it is—perhaps his best-equipped team since the national champions of 1963. No less of a team could have fought back against this excellent Oklahoma outfit and pulled it out 27-17.

What must be concluded, therefore, is this: if somewhere in the Western Hemisphere there is a squad with the muscle, zip, imagination, depth, character and leadership to challenge Ohio State as the best team in the land, it is, at the moment, Texas. Ohio State and Texas are as good as, or even better than, last year when it seemed obvious after the bowls that they were the two best teams in the country, and if they survive their remaining games, it will then be the grandest of injustices that they cannot meet each other in some sort of playoff game on the moon. There is no guarantee, of course, that the Longhorns and Buckeyes will continue undefeated. Texas still must play unbeaten Arkansas, which has national aspirations of its own as Oklahoma did, and Ohio State has Purdue and Michigan ahead. But let's assume they do win them all. The national champion will then be settled again

by the polls, where the voters will be asked to examine winning margin, quality of opposition and other vague statistics, and that is a shame.

Fairbanks would be happy to testify for Texas, although he might be prejudiced. "We played our hearts out," he said. "We have nothing to be ashamed of. Our defense played better than it has ever played for me from end to end. So what I have to say is that Texas just has one fine football team."

What usually happens in a Texas-OU game is that the teams get so ready for each other that the defenses on both sides play about a foot off the ground and run around making goofy things occur. Such was the case last week. Oklahoma, in the early going, with both hands blaring out their fight songs for the 10,000th time and long before the 72,000 maniacs were willing to sit down, swarmed over Texas. The Sooners forced a poor punt, got good position at the Texas 41 and rammed it in for seven points. A few minutes later they got an interception at the Texas 17 and rammed that one in, too—and one had to suppose you could hear "Boomer Sooner" as far away as Royal's old home town of Holls.

What brought Texas back was the forward pass, a weapon Royal hauls out every now and then, like in times of fran-

tic desperation. In three easy romps over California, Texas Tech and Navy, the Longhorns had not found it necessary to throw, except to see if the ball could still float. They won by fiendish scores, despite the fact that the first team hardly got to play much. But they knew they would have to throw against Oklahoma. The quick and vicious Sooners would be determined to take away the rushing game first if they could.

So James Street, the Texas quarterback who has not lost a game since he became the pilot in last year's Oklahoma State contest, got ready to pass. Behind by those two touchdowns, Street said to his best receiver, Cotton Speyer, "Get ready to start catchin' the ball."

Very quickly Street zoomed one down the middle for 35 yards, Speyer making a diving catch. And just as quickly he lobbed one 24 more yards into Oklahoma's end zone that Speyer looked around for—back, up and over his headgear—and managed to gather in. It was 14-7.

The next time Texas got the ball Street promptly put it in the air again. From his own 20 he tossed a short pass to his halfback, Jim Bertelsen, who carried the ball to the Oklahoma 25. This put Royal's team in position to workhorse it in, power style, for the touchdown that tied the score. But else it, the fine sophomore



When Steve Owens hammered across to make it 14-0, Oklahoma seemed to have struck oil.



But after Speyer's catch, Texas tied it up.

from Wisconsin, made the touchdown himself, his fourth of the year, on an end run from just a yard away.

Before the game Royal said, "We'll be a couple of look-alikes out there. We'll both be aggressive. We'll both move it using much of the same stuff, the triple option and the power game. The big difference could be the defensive secondary. We're zone. They're man-to-man. I don't believe they can cover Speyer one-on-one."

The Sooners couldn't. The Texas split end caught eight passes from Street, and the threat of him out there in the open eventually helped Texas to get a rushing game going. For a long while Oklahoma was the only team on the field that could run. Oh, could Oklahoma run. This Steve Owens, who gained more than 100 yards for the 13th time in a row, had Texas tacklers bouncing off of him repeatedly as he baited, hurdled and bored into anything within reaching distance. Speyer's jittery presence out there in the OU secondary, however, managed to spread the Sooners too thin, and eventually Texas' own hammering ballcarriers, the Steve Worsters, Ted Koy and Bertelsen, controlled the game.

When Texas got the ball just after the second half started, Worster, Koy and Bertelsen pounded the Longhorns down into range for a 27-yard field goal

that a most happy fellow named Happy Feller booted, and it was 17-14.

Jabbering James Street put Oklahoma back in it, nevertheless, when he threw his second interception, a 43-yard play that Oklahoma returned to Texas' 24-yard line, which resulted in a tying field goal.

"I never did figure out what they were going to use on defense," said Street. "I couldn't read it too good."

He read the Sooners when he had to, as it turned out. On Texas' first play after the ensuing kickoff, Street threw another bomb to Speyer, a 49-yarder over the middle, which quickly spun the Longhorns to the Oklahoma 19. A motion penalty erased a touchdown run by Koy, however, and Oklahoma's defense tightened to limit Texas to another field goal by Feller, this one from 21 yards away, high and true despite the crosswind.

It was a 20-17 game as it moved into the last quarter, and it was far from being over. Oklahoma, granted, had only had to travel 41, 17, and 24 yards to get its 17 points, while Texas had been forced to go 58, 80, 66 and 68 to scratch, htc and spit ahead, but there was little doubt in anyone's mind that Oklahoma was still capable of moving the ball. Mildren, a talented sophomore who had scored Oklahoma's first touchdown on a slick keeper play, was calling a good game, standing cool under Texas' furious rush—a rush led by big Leo Brooks and Owens and his running mate, sophomore Roy Bell, did not appear tired.

Mildren hit three passes and Owens battered away and Oklahoma drove 50 yards to threaten to reclaim the game, but an offside penalty crushed the drive at Texas' 27, and Bruce Derr's try for another tying field goal was wide. This was Oklahoma's last shot. A short time later the Sooners fumbled a punt, and for once Texas got the ball on a break at OU's 23. And from there on Steve Worster played Steve Owens and barged it home for the touchdown that finally ended all of the day's suspense.

In some ways these Texas-OU games are a bit much. People start playing them early in the week in Dallas amid the ever-present sound of sirens of all kinds. At first, last week, there were the sirens of the police escorting Bob Hope to various rounds of parties that socialites were giving for him, and then there were those



In the end it was two field goals by Happy Feller that gave Texas the lead and victory.

of the police escorting Vice-President Agnew to various rounds of fund-raising functions. In between, there would be some kind of parade through downtown featuring fire engines commemorating Denton Day or Lancaster Day at the Texas State Fair.

And then there was Friday night. Friday night before a Texas-OU game is the biggest gut check of all for the fans. For blocks, in the heart of the city on Friday night, in the hours leading up to and just after midnight, the fans play something that could be called Saigon suburb. The city comes under siege of drunks, wanderers, rosters, shouters, musicians and pranksters. They jam side streets, thoroughfares, hotel lobbies, restaurants and bars and try to see if they can break the NCAA record for arrests. This time they didn't come close, because Dallas pressed 650 cops into duty. Only 475 got arrested, in meek contrast to the all-time high of 700 that was set last year.

Well, maybe riots aren't what they used to be, but the Texas football team looks like it might be.

END



When Jim Bertelsen scored from a yard out.

STADIUMS AREN'T FOR SLEEPING

As the remarkable Gordie Howe opened his 24th hockey season—in triumph and with a burst of the old bravura—he recalled rookie days when he could hear the pucks from his pad by PETE WALDMEIR and GARY RONBERG

Wayne Carleton had taken the puck on a breakaway at the red line of Detroit's Olympia Stadium and there was nothing between the Toronto Maple Leaf left wing and Detroit goaltender Roy Edwards but a few steaming, mushy yards of opaque hockey rink. Carleton may be excused if he sighed to himself that this goal was surely going to be easy. The only man near him when the puck bounced out to the tip of his stylishly curved hockey stick was Detroit's ranking senior citizen, 41-year-old Right Wing Gordie Howe. The old codger couldn't catch the 23-year-old Carleton with a laser beam. Or could he?

Carleton was underway, shoulders hunched, head down. By the time he had taken half a dozen choppy strides, however, he had company. From that vast wellspring of talent and energy Howe had summoned one more burst

of speed. As Howe so often has done, he overtook the breakaway man with a lunge and locked his stick under Carleton's arm. Referee Vern Buffey's arm shot skyward and his whistle grated against his upper plate. But he couldn't blow it until Carleton shot, which he insisted on attempting with Howe clinging to his jersey like another layer of sweat. The puck went astray. Howe went to the penalty box and Carleton returned to the Toronto bench in frustration.

You could make a case for Howe's maneuver against Carleton being the turning point of the Red Wings' victory in a new NHL season opened Saturday night. At the time the home side was ahead 3-1 in the third period but withering in the sauna-like atmosphere, and the Wings barely hung on to win 3-2. The heat and humidity drained the snap from the legs and burned holes in the

lungs of young and old alike. But there was Howe, opening his 24th season, still combining the grace of Dick Button, the concentration of Arnold Palmer and the raw power of Jimmy Brown. And, more important perhaps, still able to pump up that one grand effort when it was needed most.

Foremost among the four minor-leagueers who will get their first taste of the majors here Wednesday is Gordie Howe, 19-year-old right wing. He is a hard checker and unusually poised. Right wing is weak, but if Rookie Howe continues his previous play, that flaw will not be critical.

That was Howe's introduction to Red Wing fans in a Detroit newspaper of Oct. 16, 1946. Elsewhere in the news of the day, a number of Nazis were to be hung in a prison yard at Nuremberg that morning. Walter Winchell "beethiflesly" recommended the movie based on Ernest Hemingway's classic short story *The Killers*, which was opening at the Adams Theater downtown. (Another rookie was making his debut in that one: it was Burt Lancaster's first film.)

"Most of us were living across the river in Windsor at the time," Howe recalls. "I had a room in the same boarding house with Ted Lindsay, Max McNab, Doc Couture and a few other guys. I didn't have money for a car. Heck, I was lucky to have a room."

"I'd been sleeping in a storeroom in the stadium under the grandstand during training camp. Funny thing is, I nearly slept through my first practice session when we moved into Olympia before the opening game that season. The storeroom where I had my bed was off by itself, and I didn't have an alarm clock. I woke up when I heard the pucks banging against the boards."

Gordie Howe had been promoted to the Red Wings from their Omaha farm club that summer. He had earned \$2,500 for his first year at Omaha and had saved \$1,800 of it. "I spent all \$1,800 putting plumbing in my folks' home in Floral, Saskatchewan."



The "big fella" manhandles Toronto defenders at goalmouth as he maneuvers for position



In dressing room, Gordie applies ice bag to spot where Leaf shot caught him late in game

Gordie came to Detroit for the sum of \$7,000—the NHL minimum—moved from the Stadium into the Windsor boarding house and hoped that he would be able to play at least well enough to please the Red Wings' gruff, gravel-voiced manager, Jack Adams.

Howe is the squad's babe, but he was one of Detroit's most valuable men last night. In his first major league game he scored a goal, skated tirelessly and had perfect poise.

What happened to the puck? "Who knows," said Howe. "Those days we didn't keep the puck until No. 100 [which Howe did not score until Feb. 17, 1951]. Nobody bothered to save the first one for the rookies then."

"Actually, the first night was pretty much like every other night for me. I drove over with Couture and McNah and ate dinner at Carson's restaurant, which used to be across the street from the Olympia, on Grand River and McGraw. Hamburger. I think I didn't figure I'd get to play much, so I wasn't especially nervous. I remember standing there during the national anthem, counting to myself, '15-2, 15-4, 15-6,' trying

to figure out how to score a snibbage hand. The older guys were teaching me the game, and they moved the pgs so fast up and down the board that it confused me."

The first of Howe's parade of more than 700 NHL goals came at 13:39 of the second period of the October 1946 game with the Leafs. Sid Abel took a pass from Adam Brown, fired a shot, and Howe put the rebound under the Leafs' goaltender, Turk Broda.

In 23 seasons Howe was to score 731 more times against 52 NHL net minders and helped set up no fewer than 954 teammates' goals with assists.

"I may not remember much about the goal I scored that first night," Howe recalls, "but I've got a couple of souvenirs. I lost two teeth. One got knocked out when I caught an elbow in a corner, and another went dead after that game and I had to have it pulled. But, what the heck. Every hockey player loses teeth."

"That first night I'm on the bench and Jack Adams shouts, 'Syd, Syd, get in there.' Nobody moves and he's furious. Finally, he looks right at me and

shouts it again. 'I'm not Syd,' I told him, but all Adams says is, 'I don't give a damn, get in there anyway.'"

You can mark it down in your hockey books that within two years a forward named Howe will be playing for the Detroit Red Wings, and he won't be Syd Howe. He'll be a raphisinger named Gordon Howe.

But to most people Gordon Howe was just another tough kid from the prairies. Who could tell then that he might emerge as the most prolific scorer in the history of the game, greater even than the legendary Maurice Richard, that his life and career would be prodded and probed by mass media the world over, that he would be the only hockey pro to bridge the gap between Glenn Miller and Tiny Tim, between zoot suits and microcomms.

At first Howe wore No. 17 on his jersey. "I liked 17," he says, "because I'd worn it at Omaha, where I'd been a real flash, but our trainer, Carl Mattson, told me I should take No. 9 when Roy Conacher left because it meant I would get a lower berth on the trains. We didn't fly much then."

After Saturday's game, when Howe's 24th opener was just another line-to-be in the eight pages his record occupies in the Red Wings' press book, Gordie stripped off his jersey and stood in the center of the dressing room looking for all the world like Donan Gray—a 41-year-old man with the body of a 25-year-old. There was a large red lump on his left collarbone where he had stopped a shot late in the game.

"You know," Howe said with a smile, "the funny part about those first years in pro hockey is that I could save all that money. Now a guy makes fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year and is lucky to save five hundred."

In a corner of the dressing room near Howe, Defensemen Gary Bergman and Carl Brewer were removing their gear. Brewer is new to the Red Wings this year. As Bergman and Brewer conferred, Left Wing Frank Mahovlich passed by on his way to the shower.

"Way to go, big fella," Brewer called, slapping Mahovlich—who had scored the winning goal off Carl's setup pass—on the buttocks. Bergman frowned and corrected his teammate.

"Carl," Bergman said, "you better find another name. There's only one big fella on this club."

END

THE YEAR OF THE ROOKIES—BIGGER, FASTER, SMARTER

Even before the season began, it was apparent that the pros had an extraordinary array of rookies. To be sure, there have been other great rookie years (notably 1956, when Jim Brown, Paul Hornung, Jon Arnett and Sonny Jurgensen broke in), but 1969, with Calvin Hill, Greg Cook, Jerry Lewis, O.J. Rufus Mayes, Bill Stanfill and sundry others shown on the following eight pages, probably has the best rookie crop in memory.

For Hill, the Yale now with Dallas, last Sunday was another opportunity to enhance his NFL rushing lead. In the Cowboys' 24-17 win over Atlanta, Hill picked up 50 yards in 13 carries. Cook, the Bengals' brilliant quarterback, had an off day as the world champion Jets beat Cincinnati 21-7, but he's still the AFL's leading passer.

More than three dozen rookies are starting in both leagues, and where statistics are most significant first-year men are more than measuring up. For instance, Tom Dempsey of the Saints has kicked a 55-yard field goal, a yard short of the NFL record, and Steve O'Neal of the Jets, a 13th-round draft choice, has punted one 98 yards—a pro record. O'Neal is averaging 48.1 yards a kick, and has a chance to break Sammy Baugh's season record average of 51.3. Baugh, it should be noted, got extra yardage because he often quick-kicked.

Rookies are everywhere this year. The world champion Jets kept seven. Buffalo opened the season with four in the offensive backfield, and Atlanta starts seven on offense and defense. Even the Rams, coached by veteran-oriented George Allen, have four rookies. Says Allen, "Everything should be judged in context, but players are simply bigger, faster and smarter today."

The fact is, pro football is beginning to ride a new wave, and no one knows it better than the coaches. "Rookies are better prepared for the pros," says Johnny Rauch of Buffalo. "College football is getting more like the pro type of play." According to Hank Stram of the Chiefs, "Since the colleges went to the free substitution rule again, they are playing a much more wide-open brand of football, similar to what you are required to play in the pro ranks. Quarterbacks and pass receivers are now far better

prepared for our type of game. At the same time the increase in passing has forced college coaches to spend more time on the pass rush and defense against screens. So what we have is an increase in specialization at the college level in exactly the aspects of the game at which it is important for a pro player to be proficient. This is beginning to be reflected in the rookie crop." Bill Bergey, the Bengals' linebacker, is a case in point, as is Jim Marsalis, a starting cornerback and the first defensive back ever drafted No. 1 by Kansas City. "Marsalis had four years of college experience as a defensive specialist," says Stram.

Making still another point, Stram continues, "The main difference between the rookies of this year and those who came to us in the early days of the AFL is that the new crop has a much greater awareness of what is involved in being a pro football player. I think this stems from the tremendous increase in the number of hours of televised pro football. They get to see all the great pros, and, of course, they try to emulate them. They may even pick up little aspects of technique, just as a golfer like me tries to do when he watches an Arnold Palmer on television."

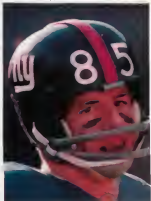
As outstanding as this season's pro rookies are, they're merely the visible portion of an immense iceberg. Given the exposure, acclaim and rewards of pro ball, football has undergone a popularity explosion up and down the line. Phenomena like this have occurred before in sports (for example, the horde of milers who followed Roger Bannister through the four-minute barrier), but never on so great a scale. Instead of playing catch in the backyard, armies of 12-year-olds practice down-and-outs and flies. There is a plethora of kid leagues and rather than taking the collegiate names of yesteryear (Tigers, Bulldogs, Fighting Irish), they call themselves Jets, Packers and Colts. In turn, high school football has become increasingly sophisticated, and college ball this year is blessed with an abundance of polished sophomores, especially quarterbacks (SI, Oct. 6). Without question, the pro rookies of 1969 are a bumper crop, but there will be a succession of vintage years, beginning with the class of 1972.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



Sleeper of the year so far, Herrmann played for Waynesburg (Pa.) College and was a lowly 15th draft pick. A very shifty wide receiver, he has scored four touchdowns, one in a last-minute win over the Vikings.

DON HERRMANN, GIANTS



PRO ROOKIES *continued*

A first-round choice from Ohio State, Mayes is light (255) for offensive tackle but is extremely fast. He can block quickly to spring Dale Sayers off tackle or go laterally to protect roll-out passer Jack Concannon.

RUFUS MAYES, BEARS



A home-town hero at the University of Cincinnati, Quarterback Cook is, says Paul Brown, "strong like a Gibraltar, maybe a little faster. His strength is his quick release and accuracy. He's everything we thought."

GREG COOK, BENGALS





Only 6' 10" and 178—small even by college standards—Levias was a No. 2 pick. But he has shown all the zip he had at SMU. He's a fine receiver and is among the league leaders in both kickoff and punt returns.

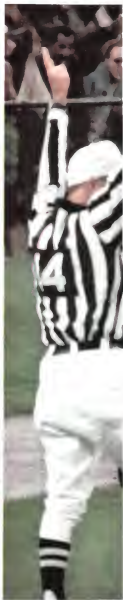
JERRY LEVIAE, OILERS



A third-round pick from Maryland State, Cornerback Thompson also leads Denver in kickoff and punt returns. A great favorite of the fans, he says, "Football is football, and there is only one way to play it—rough."



BILL THOMPSON, BRONCOS





RON JOHNSON, BROWNS

Second in rushing in the AFL, the 255-pound Johnson, a No. 1 selection from Michigan, has the moves and the arm. Most of his long gains have been carried out exactly as diagramed in the Cleveland playbook.



O. J. SIMPSON, BILLS

Although sidelined last weekend with recurring headaches, O. J. is Buffalo's top rusher. Says John Ravelo, "We're losing, but he pitches right in and doesn't complain. The players certainly respect his skills."



PRO ROOKIES *continued*

A No. 1 draft choice from Georgia, the 6'8", 255-pound Stanfill has been converted from defensive tackle to end. Notoriously weak on the pass rush, Miami now at least has one stud who can harass the passer.

BILL STANFILL, DOLPHINS



A ninth-round selection from Wyoming, Hampton is one of the NFL's best kickoff returners. "Most people stop to change direction," says Coach Phil Bengtson. "Hampton stops but his feet are going 150 mph."

DAVE HAMPTON, PACKERS







CALVIN HILL, COWBOYS

Briefly considered for the tight end or linebacker positions, Hill has been simply magnificent as a running back. He leads the NFL in rushing with 349 yards in 84 carries, and he can catch and pass on the option, too.



I READ PLIMPTON—I CAN'T SAY IT HELPED'

by CALVIN HILL

I'm both excited and surprised to be playing regularly as a rookie for the Dallas Cowboys. Last year at Yale, I began to think I had a good chance to make it in pro football. I thought I'd be drafted on one of the later rounds and, if I wasn't picked, I planned to try out as a free agent. When Dallas drafted me in the first round, I was stunned. The Ivy League isn't supposed to be a place to look for pro players.

Yale doesn't have spring practice, and I was warned I might be behind the other players reporting to the Dallas training camp. I began lifting weights to help my explosiveness, and the weight lifting also helped me become stronger, even though I'm now lighter than I was at Yale—218 instead of 222. Any rookie is apprehensive to some degree about making a pro team, but that really wasn't a big concern of mine. I went to camp determined to make the team. I was curious to know what to expect beforehand, so I read George Plimpton's book, *Paper Lion*. I can't say it helped me in my situation. Plimpton is a nonathlete, and the physical tasks that were difficult for him were easy for me. The Dallas training camp was no harder than the training at Yale, but perhaps I was so thrilled being with the Cowboys that this took away whatever harshness there was. I was excited at being with Raymond Berry, Jerry Tubbs, Ernie Allen, Ray Renfro and Coach Tom Landry, people I'd read and heard about all my life, and I was pleased just to have them correct me.

If there is one thing that distinguishes the pro game from the college game, it is finesse. There are a couple of reasons for this. For one, college players are not as good as pro players, and so college players have to work on the basics. Then there is a much shorter preseason practice in college. At Yale, for example, we only had three weeks of practice before our

first game, but the pros have almost two months, and in that time all sorts of refinements can be brought to the game. Dallas is particularly noted for a varied offense, and I'm still busy trying to learn it all. I know I lost valuable time when I had to leave camp for two weeks to be with the College All-Stars. You have to study. You not only have to know what you're supposed to do, you have to know what all your teammates are doing and what the other teams are doing, too. At Yale I only knew what our quarterback was doing and what I was supposed to do on a play. If it was a run, I'd get the ball from the quarterback, start running and then respond on my own. It doesn't work that way with the Cowboys. The offense is very complex and the blocking is just fantastic.

For example, I ran 23 yards for a touchdown against New Orleans. I got the glory, but that is one of the inequities of football, because here's what really happened. I came across the line of scrimmage with the ball, and as I was trying to figure out which way to go around a New Orleans player, Ralph Neely suddenly flattened him. Neely really unloaded a tremendous block. Then he took another New Orleans player out. That was two men out of my way. I went maybe five yards more, and there was the New Orleans safety, Tony Liscio came from across the field, and he knocked that safety out of the play with a really great block. By now there was only one New Orleans player left, and he happened to be standing on the goal line. I ran into him and scored. The credit for that touchdown belongs to the blockers. Sometimes it seems as though I'm breaking tackles at the line, but I don't even get touched because our blockers have opened a hole. I just can't get over the blocking. It still comes as a surprise to see a blocker run interference for me on a pitchout. With the Cow-

boys I've been running about 20 times a game compared to 13 or 14 times at college. It's not that I'm necessarily running any better than I did at Yale, it's because the Cowboys have the blocking.

Fans don't always appreciate what's happening down on the field. I know when I do well, but against the Cardinals I didn't play, to my way of thinking, a particularly good game. Yet I was named AP Offensive Back of the Week in the NFL, and I guess this was because of one play when I passed to Lance Rentzel for a 53-yard touchdown. I used to think I was a pretty hot passer when I was a quarterback my senior year in prep school, but actually I'm not. I can't put a spiral on the ball every time. This play against the Cardinals called for me to pass. Rentzel went downfield, and he put a marvelous fake on Larry Wilson. All I had to do then was throw the ball, wobbly end-over-end or spiral, and it's hard to miss a man when he's 10 yards in the open. Rentzel, who made the play work with his fake on Wilson, took the pass and scored.

Frankly, most of the opposing defensive players are still something of a blur to me. I'll be told who they are and what to watch for, but then I get into the game and they're a blur. I've had to learn the hard way. For instance, I was warned about Lonnie Sanders of the Cards. I was told Sanders would submarine against the blockers and tackle the ballcarrier. He has the knack of doing this, and that's just what he did to me when I got the ball. He wormed right in there and nailed me.

I plan to play pro ball as long as I can do the job. I have no idea how long this will be, but after I signed with Dallas I started studying for a bachelor of divinity degree at the Perkins School of Theology at SMU. It will probably take me four or five years to get the degree, and then I plan to become ordained as a minister. I happen to be a Baptist, but I'm very ecumenical in my thinking, and I also believe the church should become far more involved in issues. After my pro career is over, I expect to go to work in one of the black ghettos, probably in Baltimore, my home town. I'm very conscious of the fact that if I do well in pro ball, it will help me later. I won't be just plain Calvin Hill, but Calvin Hill, the football player and Yale graduate who returned to the ghetto where he was born.

END

JUST CALL THEM PLAIN FOLK



- 21 Owen Jones, *Superman*
- 14 Bill Hodges, *Uncle Sam*
- 43 Jim McAndrew, *Tom Sawyer*
- 41 Tom Beaver, *Huck Finn*
- 20 Tommie Agce, *John Henry*
- 8 Wes Westrum, *American Eagle*
- 26 Nolan Ryan, *Rough Rider*
- 36 Jerry Koosman, *Wyatt Earp*
- 12 Kain Boswell, *Johnny Appleseed*
- 4 Ron Swaboda, *Paul Bunyan*
- 34 Art Shemsky, *Gerónimo*
- 11 Wayne Betrett, *Johnny Doughboy*
- 27 Don Caldwell, *Yankee Doodle*
- 16 Jerry Grote, *General Custer*
- 3 Bud Harrelson, *Buffalo Bill*
- Casey Stengel, *Headless Horseman*
- Joan Payson, *Betsy Ross*

ILLUSTRATION BY WANDA ROTH

HEROES

With each winning game, the legends grew. Their followers transmogrified the World Series-bound New York Mets into characters so good and so American that finally only the Orioles were left to separate—perhaps—fact from fiction

CONTINUED



THE VACUUM MEETS NEW YORK'S TEAM OF DESTINY

by MARK MULVOY



Ron Swoboda ran, leapt and waved helplessly at Don Buford's leadoff homer in first game.

Shortly before the start of the World Series last Saturday afternoon Donn Clendenon of the New York Mets introduced one of his teammates, rookie Outfielder Rod Gaspar, to an old friend, Frank Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles. It was a historic meeting. Five days earlier Robinson had stepped onto a folding chair, squirted a spray of champagne to attract attention and announced to the Orioles, "Ron Gaspar just said on television that the Mets will sweep the Birds in four games. Bring on Ron Gaspar, whoever the hell he is. Quiet! I'm told that his name is Rod Gaspar. Bring on Rod Gaspar, whoever the hell he is." Now, thanks to Clendenon, Frank Robinson knows who Rod Gaspar is.

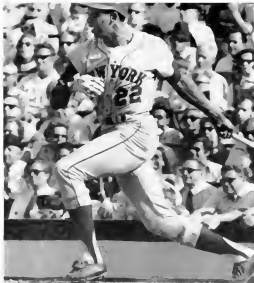
Clendenon neglected to introduce Gaspar to Baltimore's other Robinson, so Brooks introduced himself a bit later, rather rudely, too. It happened in the top half of the seventh inning (*see cover*), as the Orioles were leading the Mets 4-1. The Mets had just scored their run and had men at first and second with two out. Gaspar, pinch-hitting, faced Mike Cuellar, who had already thrown more than 100 pitches and seemed to be tiring rapidly.

Gaspar topped a ball toward third base. Cuellar took one look at what was obviously one of those stinking, scratch infield hits and grimaced. This, he knew, would load the bases and send him to an early shower. Gaspar, too, heading for first base, knew that he had a hit. But Brooks Robinson, as usual playing a shallow third base—shallower than most other third basemen ever dare, particularly in a situation like this with two outs and a force play at all bases—was not that convinced. He charged the ball.

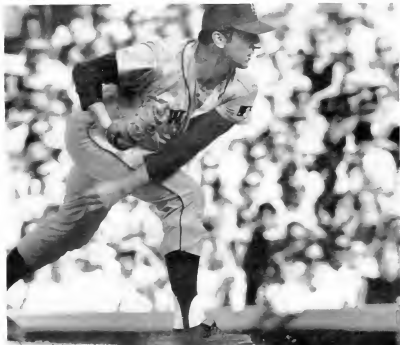
"When I go after a ball," he said, "I always think I can get the out." Moving in quickly, he reached down for the ball just as it stopped on the grass. "The trick here is to have your left foot ahead of your right foot when you bend for the ball," he said. "Otherwise you come up off balance and throw the ball away. A lot of third basemen do that."

Not Robinson. In one motion he stabbed the ball, raised his right arm

continued



Mets hit back early next day when Don Clementon homered off Dave McNally



Jerry Roosman pitched brilliantly up to last out, collected finally by Ron Taylor



One that got away: Even Robinson's magic glove couldn't produce a miracle every time, and this ball hit by Ed Charles in seventh inning of second game slipped past for a double.



high and fired an overhand strike to First Baseman Boog Powell. The play, amazingly, was not even close. Gaspar, who is not all that slow, was out by two steps.

"That wouldn't have happened to me," Clendenon said after the Mets' 4-1 defeat. "I'm not hitting the ball to Robinson in this Series. He's the vacuum cleaner, don't you know that? I'm hitting it out toward center. Like I did today. Got two hits that way. You don't get any hits going toward third base."

On Sunday it was Brooks Robinson challenging the Mets once again. Early in the game, he made a video tape replay of his Gaspar spectacular and threw out Jerry Grote. Obviously that play told the Mets they needed a better game plan, Clendenon's, for instance, for they hit only one more ball to Robinson the rest of the day. On that occasion Robinson cut in front of Shortstop Mark Belanger to throw out Bud Harrelson—mak-

ing a difficult play look routine. In the fourth inning Clendenon hit a home run over the right-field wall—at least 310 feet away from Robinson at third base. It started Jerry Koosman to a 2-1 victory that sent the Series to New York tied at one game apiece.

Koosman skillfully protected the lead as he pitched no-hit baseball until Paul Blair led off the Oriole seventh with a single into left field. With two outs and Brooks at bat, Blair stole second—setting up the potential tying run. Brooks immediately delivered Blair with a single into center field. "I remembered Koosman from the All-Star Game this year," Brooks said. "He struck me out then on three pitches. I didn't want that to happen again."

The Met who really killed the Orioles on Sunday, though, was not Koosman but another one of Frank Robinson's old friends. In the summer of 1967 Frank slid hard into second base

one night as he tried to break up a double play in a game against the Chicago White Sox. He crashed into Al Weis, who was making the pivot, and both players rolled painfully on the ground. Weis ruined his knee and did not play for the rest of the year. He says now that the injury persuaded the White Sox to trade him to the Mets that winter, a trade that hardly sent him into ecstasy. He had just bought a home in Chicago, for one thing, and, of course, the Mets were the Mets. Frank Robinson developed double vision and it was not until almost a year later that he began to hit the baseball again as he once had.

Recently Met Manager Gil Hodges has platooned Weis at second base with left-handed hitter Ken Boswell. Even though Weis batted only .215 this year, Hodges has great confidence in him. He permitted Weis to bat in a crucial situation in a game against the Chicago Cubs in July and Weis hit his first home run in a year to beat the Cubs. Against the Orioles on Sunday Weis came to bat with two out in the top of the ninth, runners at first and third and the score tied 1-1. Choking up on the bat handle he lined Dave McNally's first pitch over shortstop to drive in Ed Charles with the winning run. "Imagine that," Weis said. "I thought I might help win a Series game with my glove. I never thought I would win one with my bat."

Koosman overpowered the Orioles until the ninth when, after two were out, he walked Frank Robinson and Boog Powell. This brought Brooks to the plate again, but for once he did not produce a miracle. Ron Taylor, in relief of Koosman, got him on a hot grounder to third to end the tense game.

Even with the loss, for Brooks Robinson and the Orioles the weekend was something of a success. Among other things, it relieved any number of frustrations and soothed several tempers.

In fact, all Baltimore had been working up a good mad-on against New York for quite awhile. It was not the Mets they were angry with, although Rod Gaspar was not winning any popularity polls. But Brooks and his friends had this vendetta against the fun-city syndrome—New York, money, publicity, endorsements, politicians, the Jets beating the Colts, the Knicks beating the Bulls, and finally that thing people have been referring to over and over again as the Mets' mystique. "I think," Brooks said,

continued

The Avis'n Andy Show.



A lot of important people lend their names to corporations without ever lending their skills.

Avis has asked STP's Andy Granatelli — one of the world's foremost auto experts — to help write a check-out manual for all of our mechanics to follow.

So everything Andy Granatelli would do to check-out our cars, Avis' mechanics will do.

If there's a faulty fan belt on an Avis car in San Francisco, it will be replaced the way our check-out manual says it should be replaced.

When a car goes through a bumper to bumper check in New York, it should be done as our check-out manual says it should be done.

Avis has distributed this manual to its mechanics throughout the country. It will help insure that the Plymouth you rent from Avis runs like a dream.

It also could help to insure the greatest road show ever.

The Avis 'n Andy Show.

**If you think Avis tries harder,
you ain't seen nothing yet.**

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ZIEGLER

Stop at Stuckey's... buy 10 gallons of gas and get a box of **free candy**



Your happiest stop on the highways? Relax, refresh, refuel at Stuckey's. Find every service that makes motoring more fun. Hurry-up snacks: bars, golden fried chicken. Great pecan candies, gift packs (we mail for you anywhere). Gas up with ten or more gallons for free box of candy. Look for Stuckey's, coast to coast.

Stuckey's
OF GAS, CANDY, BURGERS, PET

Offer good at participating Stuckey's stores. Exp. 11/15/82. Excludes 11/15/82. Excludes 11/15/82. Excludes 11/15/82.

IN WARM, SUNNY ARIZONA

GOLF

IN THE 70's

October 1 to January 31
7 DAYS \$120
6 NIGHTS

For two Persons
Double Occupancy
Green Fees Included
Feb. 2 - April 30 - \$240 for 2 persons

Match your score with our balmy average temperatures. This golf week special includes luxurious lodgings, all green fees, enjoyment of swimming pool and tennis courts. Superb dining and cocktails available in the clubhouse. Horseback riding nearby. Contact Philip G. Omsby, President and General Manager.

HOME OF THE ROADRUNNER
SCOTTSDALE INN & COUNTRY CLUB
7750 East Shea Blvd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254
Phone (602) 948-6000 or your travel agent

Shape up or poop out.



Boys and girls 10 to 17.
Try out at school for the President's All America Team.
It's a test of your all-around physical fitness.
You have to run, jump, sit-up, pull-up and throw a softball.
It's easy if you're in shape.
Impossible if you're not.
Can you make the President's All America Team?
You'll never know unless you try out.

For information write:
Presidents Council on Physical Fitness
Washington, D.C. 20001.

WORLD SERIES *continued*

"you could say that Baltimore and the Orioles both have been overlooked pretty much by the people in New York."

The Orioles were less than amused when they read that the governor of New York had poured cocktails for the Mets in his Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park. They seldom cheered when they saw the Mets' pitchers in a particular hair-tone commercial. They burned when Frank Robinson was introduced on *The Johnny Carson Show* as "Frank Robinson of the Baltimore Colts." And they burned some more when Robinson was practically ignored on the Carson show while Tom Seaver of the Mets was treated like Bob Hope.

Most of all, though, they resented all that imposed foolishness about the Mets being a "team of destiny" in the World Series. "The Mets haven't got any patient on the Man," snarled Earl Weaver, the Baltimore manager. "The Man looked down on us, too—109 times this year, nine times more than the Mets. We must've had some desire."

Frank Lane, the great trader who now works in the Oriole front office, did admit shortly before the Series began that he considered the Mets a team of destiny even if his co-workers did not. "The Mets," he said, "are destined to finish second in this Series."

Every time the New York syndrome mentioned the six "great" pitchers on the Met staff, all of whom the syndrome will enshrine in Cooperstown next week, Weaver countered with a stream of names, followed by, "We've got 10 great pitchers on this staff. Who in hell do these people think we are, anyway?"

Well, who are the Orioles, anyway? For a start, there is Brooks Robinson, whom the players call "Head," because his hairline seems to recede another inch every day. They could just as readily have called him Head because he always seems to be using his. Invariably in the right position at the right time, he is, simply, the best third baseman in baseball, and he may be the best who ever played the position. He is the strong, silent type, the solid man on a very solid club who leads Baltimore with his performances—not his mouth. As George Kell, a superior third baseman himself not too many years ago, said last week, "If Brooks had played in New York all these years, he'd already be in the Hall of Fame."

Brooks Robinson came out of Little

continued

GM

Model 74 4-11-1977



Chevrolet put it all together.
Solid gentlemanly comfort without
bombast. Sailplane silence.

Computer-selected coil springs for a
ride that glides.

Yet Monte Carlo's handling leaves
you feeling like anything but a fifth wheel.
A taut 116" wheelbase and a track five
feet wide go where pointed. Precisely.

And powerfully: a 350-cubic-inch V8
is basic. (Order on up to a 454.)

Standard is an instrument panel with
the rare look of hand-rubbed burled elm.
And Astro Ventilation.

Even power disc brakes, fiberglass-
belted tires and higher intensity headlights.

It's all there.

At a Chevrolet price.

Monte Carlo.

The only car in its field. Period.

Putting you first, keeps us first.



On The Move.

**A group picture of all the cars in
Monte Carlo's field.**



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

The setting: against the timeless elegance of Castel Sant'Angelo, on the bank of the Tiber. The star: prima ballerina Leda Lojodice, modeling palazzo pajamas by Emilio Pucci. The bottle: Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur

"distilled from the rays of the sun." The taste: every sip a delightful combination of the classical and modern elegance of Italy. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let it win you over. Tonight.

80 Proof Liqueur, Imported by McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y. © Mck 1989



Rock, Ark. as an 18-year-old with the fastest hands in the Southwest, and today he still wears cowboy boots. "Baseball is the only thing I have ever done in my life," he says, "and it is the only thing I have ever loved." For a long time Robinson expected that he would return to Arkansas when he was through playing. But now he has settled in Baltimore and established himself as one of the community's leading citizens. He raises funds for charities and is the most popular after-dinner speaker in the area. "I learned after a few years of public speaking that the best way to capture an audience is to make yourself the butt of the joke," he says. Robinson has an interest in a Baltimore restaurant but happily he does not plan to be a TootsShor when he quits baseball "eight or nine years" from now. He does not want to manage or coach—that would not be consistent with his character—and he feels he would be happiest working full time at the sporting goods store that he owns in Baltimore.

Two nights before the Series began he sat down in the family room of his home in Lutherville, Md., a Baltimore suburb about 15 minutes from third base at Memorial Stadium, and gave the singular reason why he thought the Orioles were a super baseball team, not just a team of superstars.

"I can laugh at myself, Frank can laugh at himself, we can all laugh at each other," he said.

This season, though, was a drag for Brooks. He slumped to a miserable .234 batting average, the fourth consecutive year in which his average has fallen off, but he did hit 23 home runs, drive in 84 runs and his play around third base never slackened off. Now, as he looked around the room at the nine Golden Gloves, the MVP trophy and the 79 other trophies and plaques and pieces of memorabilia that he has collected, Robinson said that the 1969 season did not excite him. "The kind of year we had," he said, "is responsible for the kind of year I had. How many important games did the Orioles play all year? The batting average was discouraging, and perhaps this is a time when I should be saying, 'Gee, maybe I can't hit .280 anymore.' But that's not how I feel. I simply was lazy all year, and I can't excuse myself for it."

The challenge and the excitement of the first American League playoff week

continued

What makes so many quarterbacks yellow?

It isn't fear of a pass-rush

It's your color TV set

It turns their faces yellow. Or green. Or purple.

Unless you're watching on a new Magnavox with Total Automatic Color.

TAC keeps the color right all the time, automatically. Even when you switch from channel to channel. Or when the scene changes TAC also keeps the picture perfectly tuned automatically.

No more jumping up and down to adjust the color right in the middle of an exciting end run. With Magnavox Total Automatic Color, you just set it and forget it.

And one more thing. The new Magnavox picture is a lot brighter, too.

So this weekend, watch your favorite quarterbacks on a new Magnavox with TAC.

They may be running scared. But they'll never look yellow.



**Set and forget
TOTAL AUTOMATIC COLOR.
Only Magnavox has it.**

America's best selling premium champagne.



SO EASY
TO GIVE
AND TAKE

Here is the ultra-compact, ultra-automatic Ricoh Hi-Color—the all new, full frame 35mm camera that fits in the palm of your hand. Automatic film advance lets you take 15 pictures in rapid sequence without stopping to wind. Automatic CDS electric eye sets perfect exposures every time. Shutter speeds from 1/30 to 1/300 second. Get this one for great full frame 35mm color slides, color prints, or black & white snapshots. Under \$75.

RICOH

Distributed in U.S.A. by Lexco Photo Products, Inc.
in Canada by Ricoh of Canada Ltd.



**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
SOCKS IT TO
YOU**



If Field & Stream's
aroma doesn't
remind you of a
great autumn day
...you're catching
a cold.

The Adult Peanut.
As dry as a good martini.



WORLD SERIES *continued*

Robinson fast enough. He hit 500-seven hits in 14 at bats—as the Orioles won three straight from the Twins, and it was a typically sensational Robinson play at third base in the first inning of the third game that totally destroyed any momentum the Twins were trying to build after losing the first two games. He speared a terrific smash by Rod Carew and probably saved two runs.

The Orioles partied for a short time in their clubhouse after defeating the Twins, but Robinson was not among the revelers. Instead, he was submerged in the whirlpool bath, away from the champagne squirting and the kangaroo court. "Brooks takes care of himself," said Pete Richert, the relief pitcher. "Don't get me wrong. He's not an individual around here. It's just that he knows what he's got to do to keep in shape. If he has to take a whirlpool instead of champagne, then he takes a whirlpool."

All year long Robinson contributed perhaps more money to the club's kangaroo court than any other Oriole. "Every day Brooks would make the first motion to adjourn the court so he could go home," said McNally, "and right off the judge [Frank Robinson] would fine him for contempt of court. When Brooks wants to go home, he wants to go home."

Then, on the eve of his second World Series (he hit a home run and fielded flawlessly as the Orioles swept the Dodgers in 1966), Robinson was ready for the Mets. "I never worry about my fielding," he said. "I don't mean to brag, but the Mets know, I think, that I can field. At bat, I just want to get some top hand into my swing. I've been pulling away from the ball, not hitting it, and I've got to concentrate on that."

Robinson respected the Mets. "We're superior on defense, I know that," he said. "But you know, they might never have to make a tough defensive play in the Series. And they're New York, remember that. Playing the Mets and beating them will do more for our name than if we beat some other team. They're New York."

Well, after the first two games, the Mets were still New York (they were, quite obviously, still the Mets, too), and the Orioles were still the Orioles, and Brooks Robinson was still Brooks Robinson.

END

Why buy life insurance from just any Agent? Look for one of the best.

A New York Life Agent.

There are a number of reasons why he's special.

First off, he's carefully selected, thoroughly trained. Backed by a company with 125 years of experience.

Another reason the New York Life Agent stands out from the crowd: Life insurance is his career. And he devotes all his working hours to it.

And when it comes to professional awards, our Agents win their share. And then some. In fact, we have more members of the prestigious Million Dollar Round Table and the Women Leaders Round Table (industry-wide groups of top Agents) than any other company.

Now that you know something about their blue-ribbon qualifications, why not put one of our New York Life Agents to work for you?

New York Life Insurance Company
51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10005
Life, Group and Health Insurance,
Annuities, Pension Plans



Our 125th year



Passion's Wheels

The American male's craving to hand mama a stopwatch and go out and burn up some rubber in a sports car, first noted as a curiosity in the late 1940s, has increased mightily since. In the Sports Car Club of America alone there are 4,000 weekend Fangias taking a run at regional championships. Next week the 400 best will be invited to November's American Road Race of Champions, at Daytona. Artist Ed Kasper has inspected these neurosurgeons, electronics engineers and other such speed merchants, and on the following pages he salutes cars and people in a novel medium: oils on junk. From an auto graveyard he got pieces of steel that he torch-cut to represent the "trueness and ugliness" of a glossy sport's basic materials—and to suggest the love it takes to give them beauty.









Most automatic automatic.



If there's one thing you want when you travel — around the block or around the world — it's a camera that's fast and easy.

This is it. The Kodak Instamatic 814 camera. The most automatic automatic. Just drop in the film cartridge. The "814" accepts any 126-size film, for snapshots or slides; adjusts itself to the speed of the film; computes the exposure; tells you when to use flash; adjusts automatically for flash exposure as you focus. It's so automatic, it even advances both film and flashecube for the next picture after you've clicked the shutter!



You could hardly make a mistake even if you tried.

Complete and self-contained, this traveler's aid comes with a precision rangefinder and a superb 4-element f/2.8 Ektar lens. Travel right. It's less than \$145 at your photo dealer's.

Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

Onto this scrap sculpture Kasper has brushed important elements of the club racer's atmosphere: the watchful, informative pit; the ubiquitous flagman; the control tower.

Keeping up with Grape Juice

For a surefire 1971 Heisman Trophy winner, Greg Johnson is having trouble living up to his 301 IQ and magic chest by **BIL GILBERT**

Greg Johnson is a 19-year-old orphan who can run 100 yards in .096, a flight of high hurdles in 14.0, and long-jump 24½ feet. His home town is East St. Louis, Ill., a grimy, slummy industrial suburb. There he attended Lincoln High School and in 1967 was designated an All-Metropolitan, All-State, All-America schoolboy football player. Some 18 months ago the University of Wisconsin convinced Johnson of the merits of a U. of W. education and gave him a scholarship with which to pursue that education as well as touchdowns and finish-line tapes. Almost immediately thereafter an operation was commenced, which, if successful, could in a few years make the name Greg Johnson famous.

"We think that he will be the 1971 Heisman winner," said Jim Mott, an energetic Wisconsin publicity man, one day

this fall before Johnson had ever played a varsity football game. Already a barrage of words describing his speed, agility and practice-field triumphs had been laid down by the university's heavy mimeograph machines. In these dispatches Johnson was invariably referred to as "Grape Juice," a childhood nickname, said Mott, which has no derivative connection whatsoever with an "Orange Juice" somebody or other who is said to have been a good football player somewhere out west last season.

All of which is not extraordinary, there being this and every fall a dozen coaches and publicity men who think they have what Wisconsin thinks it has in Johnson. However, I am more interested in Grape Juice than the others because of an acquaintanceship begun with him several years ago, before the drama had begun to beat, even then he was an exceptional person as well as a superjock.

In August 1967 the National Junior Olympics track and field championships were held in Washington, D.C. Regional winners were brought to the capital and housed for three days in a large motel complex. The tab was picked up by the Quaker Oats Company. The supervision was furnished by the AAU. The evening before the meet contestants were being interviewed in their rooms. The boys and girls, by regulation between 14 and 17 years of age, were for the most part very nervous, very polite and quiet. Generally they said things like they certainly did appreciate the opportunity the Quaker Oats Company had given them to visit Washington and they were very excited about having seen the Treasury building; they were going to do their best so as not to disappoint their coaches, friends and parents back home. While such things were emanating from four Midwestern boys, the door of their room was thrown open and in roared a very different breed of Junior Olympic cat, a husky, good-looking boy who bubbled vocally, physically and psychically,

as if his cork had just been pulled and thrown away.

"Man, where is that reporter at?"

"Right here."

"I am old Greg Johnson and you have got to talk to me."

"Why?"

"Because I have an IQ of 301 and a magic chest."

"I guess I do have to talk to you. Tell me about the magic chest."

Johnson was wearing shorts and a Quaker Oats T shirt, which he shrugged off, striking a Mr. America pose and extending his chest, which was a good example of the chest of a 190 pound, 6', 17-year-old. While all watched fascinated, old Greg explained and demonstrated. "Old Greg do not lose them hurdle races. If them other boys edge up, I immediately stuck out this magic chest and I take 'em like this." Eyes rolling, a great grin splitting his face, old Greg gave a prodigious, burlesque bump with the magic chest.

"What about the IQ of 301?"

"That I got all the time, only you can't see it. What you can see is that I am pretty. I am prettier than any of these boys here." Greg waved grandly about the room. The other boys were by then hooting, howling and pounding the beds, much like a good burlesque crowd. "Man," went on Greg, "where is the photographer at? Why don't he come here and start taking some of them big pictures?"

"He's taking pictures of girls."

"That makes sense, man," Greg said, showing a nice change of pace. "Some of these chicks has got them big, ugly legs from running around too much, but some is all right. *Never the less*, old Greg is the prettiest boy."

"This man can't tell, man," said a 16-year-old high jumper from Kansas City. "He can't see you at all 'cause you talk so loud."

"That is true, man," Greg said, choking with laughter, "I got far and away the most mouth."

The next day Johnson was far and away the outstanding athlete. He anchored a winning relay team and advanced to the hurdle finals without difficulty, without even much sweat. He would have won the hurdles, except for a freak accident. On the third hurdle from the end, he had a short lead and looked to be pulling away when the runner in the next lane flailed out and unintentionally slapped him hard across



LIKE THE MAN SAID, HE'S BEAUTIFUL

the face. Greg was temporarily blinded by involuntary tears, missed a couple of steps and staggered in second. Since we had sort of mutually adopted each other for the day, I met him on the track, took him by the arm and offered condolences. He was in no mood for sympathy. "Where is that boy that banged me. There is going to be blood all over this track."

"Forget it. He didn't mean to hit you."
"Forget it?" Man, I don't care what he mean, don't mean. Old Greg do not lose hurdle races. Never. I'm going to get that boy."

Still protesting, he was led away. "What you are going to do unless you calm down is blow the long jump, too. The rest of them have already taken their jumps. You better go over, run through your check steps."

"To hell with that. We'll just go over there and jump." Which he did, winning and setting a national record on his first and only jump.

That night, after the awards banquet, Greg was encountered—the party over, the girls locked away in chaperone-patrolled rooms—at loose ends.

"Greg, I'm going to go find something to eat. You want to go along?"

"Man, I am starved. They give you them little bitty pieces of rubber chicken and three peas. That ain't enough for a man like me. Let us go without delay."

The nearest open eatery was the stand-up counter at the Washington National Airport. "Eat up, Greg."

"You mean eat anything I want?"

"Anything you want. I'm a big spender when I'm on an expense account."

"For sure, man?"

"For sure."

What Greg wanted and ordered was eight hamburgers, three hot dogs, two cartons of french fries, a chocolate milk shake and an orange soda for a chaser. "Greg, you can't eat that. You're putting me on."

"No, man. I ain't. I told you I'm hungry. That ain't so much. One day last spring I went to one of them track meets. Like it was a state championship or something. I forget. Anyway I done real good and the coach he told me eat anything I wanted. Man, I ate nine fish and two cheeseburgers."

All of which may do old Greg an unintentional injustice, presenting him as a pathological pop-off or as just another arrogant, adolescent superjock. That

is not at all how he came on for anyone. In Washington, despite being a winner, which is always hard for other competitors to take, despite being a talking winner, which can be twice as hard, Greg seemed the most popular kid there. For one thing, though he carried on continually about all manner of things, he never tried to be funny by cutting up anyone else. Also he got across the feeling that he really liked and respected everyone, caring enough even about complete strangers to want to do something for them, to make them laugh, to entertain and relax them. This is how I remembered old Greg.

This fall, after it became apparent that Grape Juice Johnson, the 1971 Heisman Trophy winner, the dancing hallback who was to lead Wisconsin from the football slums, was an fact old Greg of the magic chest, he seemed worth seeing again.

His varsity debut against Oklahoma was, to put it charitably, undistinguished. In the first half he earned the ball only four times from scrimmage and the results were negative. He returned three kickoffs for medium yardage, one of which he fumbled early in the third quarter on the Wisconsin goal line. John Coatta, the head coach, removed him from the game and allowed him to play only briefly thereafter.

After the game Greg drank his Coke. "Definitely, I was nervous," Greg said a bit despondently. "I thought, Juice [which is how he speaks of himself now when he remembers to, which is a point

for the life-amitates-art side], these is college boys. They are going to be trying to eat you up. It'll be the same the first time in the pros, all them Big Bubbas looking at you."

"Man, have I got it figured correctly? I am not going to be on even one of those little bitty All-America teams if I don't carry that ball more than four times a game?"

"But maybe you can get a new name. Four Carry Johnson. That Grape Juice one is bad."

"And I am correct that this is not the way you win no Heisman Trophy and that nobody is going to be throwing them \$100,000 checks at old Four Carry Johnson?"

"That is correct, but you are getting tight. You got three years to go. So you had a bad game. Forget it."

"That's what they all say, Juice, you got three years. But, man, I worked my tail off this year. I want to get up and start going without delay."

But in subsequent games Grape Juice has failed to even remotely resemble a Heisman candidate, no matter how good the Wisconsin publicity department is. He did gain a few yards against UCLA, but he hurt his ankle in the game with Syracuse and couldn't play last week against Iowa when Wisconsin won its first game since 1966. Poor old Greg. But no matter what he thinks, he still has time, if not this season, the next or the one after. For a man with an IQ of 301 and a magic chest, nothing should be impossible.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

WEST

1. USC (4-0)
2. UCLA (5-0)
3. WYOMING (4-0)

At 10:40 p.m. the kicker's toe hit the football and sent it high into the air at the Los Angeles Coliseum. The score was Stanford 24, Southern Cal 23 and now, as the ball sailed toward the goalposts, the clock showed 0:00 left to play. "I looked up to follow the ball and saw the clock fucking to all zeros," said the kicker, Southern Cal's Ron Ayala. "I thought the ball might not carry far enough. And it drifted a little, too." The ball skimmed over the crossbar, barely inside the left upright, but for a split

second Southern Cal Coach John McKay didn't know if the 34-yard field goal was good. "I looked at the people behind the post," said McKay, "and they went crazy. That's when I knew it was good. If the referee didn't confirm it, they would have killed him."

Across the field, Stanford Coach John Ralston stood momentarily in disbelief, then began to run out of the wrong end of the Coliseum. Stanford's brilliant linebacker, Pat Preston, threw himself on the ground at the five-yard line and lay there sobbing. Ayala dropped to his knees and also began to cry before his jubilant teammates swarmed around. "Neither team should have lost," said McKay.

The game was indeed a classic, a victory

continued

that USC partisans will rank with the great ones. The teams had spent the night trading the lead, Stanford moving primarily on Jim Plunkett's passing and USC reestablishing with an assortment of runs, interceptions and Jimmy Jones passes. With 63 seconds left, Stanford's Steve Horowitz kicked a 37-yard field goal to put Stanford ahead 24-23, and the Indians looked like winners when they backed up Southern Cal on its own 15 with 51 seconds to go. But Jones began hitting receivers all over the field and suddenly, with 15 seconds left, Southern Cal had a first down on the Stanford 17—but no more time outs. With the clock stopping momentarily for a shift of the first-down chain, Ayala raced on the field with eight seconds left. Quickly putting down the tee and drawing a bead on the goal, he set himself to kick. With two seconds left, Center Sid Smith snapped the ball to Jones, who was holding. "Their field goal was more beautiful," said McKay, "but ours was bigger."

USC's rival for the Pacific Eight's spot in the Rose Bowl will emerge from this week's UCLA-Cal game. Each had an easy tuneup, UCLA surviving five first-half fumbles to whump Washington 46-14 while Cal ripped Washington 44-13 behind No. 2 Quarterback Randy Humphries, who came in after Steve Curtis broke his collarbone. Cal's Randy Wersching, a left-footed, soccer-style kicker out of Austria, had three field goals, and UCLA's Dennis Dammert passed for as many TDs. Washington State was so bad that its fans peppered the field with the apples the Kiwanis Club had sold before the game on behalf of charity.

It was snowing and freezing cold in Laramie, but sophomore Quarterback Gary Fox braved it all to guide Wyoming past UTEP 37-9—the Cowboys' fourth straight win.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (4-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-1)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (4-1)

Penn State had won its first three games, of course, but the Nittany Lions really hadn't impressed anybody in beating the likes of Navy, Colorado and Kansas State—except maybe Navy. Colorado and Kansas State. In fact, the weekly pollsters had dropped Penn State from second to as low as ninth, and with unbeaten West Virginia coming up the word was out that maybe the Lions were ripe for the first defeat in their last 23 games. "When the polls dropped Penn State from its No. 2 spot they might just as well have made us No. 1," moaned West Virginia Coach Jim Carlen. "That's what we became to Penn State."

The Lions beat West Virginia worse than even the 20-0 score might indicate. The

Mountaineers came into Beaver Stadium with the nation's No. 1 rushing offense, but the Lions held them to 138 yards on the ground, let them pass midfield only twice after stopping an opening drive and blanked West Virginia for the first time in 40 games, dating back to 1965. And against a West Virginia defense that was ranked No. 2 nationally, Penn State mounted scoring drives of 59, 64 and 68 yards. The most spectacular play—a 66-yard bomb from Chuck Burkhardt to Lydell Mitchell—set up State's first TD. After watching this, Carlen had a few strong words to say about the polls. "Ratings are useless," he fumed. "I'm not so sure that Ohio State is the No. 1 team in the country. Penn State can play any team and I'll bet on Paterno's boys. Why, the pros are going to draft at least six of those defensive players." One of those six, Safety Neal Smith, intercepted two passes to set a school career record of 14.

At New York's Yankee Stadium, a crowd of 63,786 turned out to watch the latest disaster in the nation's most overrated rivalry and—predictably as ever—Notre Dame thrashed Army 45-0. Somewhere back in the Dark Ages the games began to be billed as "clashes," and the idea has lingered despite the fact that Notre Dame has won 26 times to Army's eight. This year a so-so Notre Dame team gained 617 yards, the most ever given up by Army, and the gray-uniformed cadets amused themselves to the bitter end by chanting, "We want six," or simply, "Kill." Notre Dame's Joe Theismann personally accounted for 273 yards, including two scoring passes.

Rueters couldn't stand the prosperity of three straight wins and fell to Lehigh 17-7. Quarterback Rich Policastro completed 29 of 52 passes, but Lehigh used two interceptions to break it open. Syracuse beat Maryland 20-9 by surprise passing. Normally a team to blast away between the tackles, the Orangemen got two touchdown passes in the final quarter from reserve Quarterback Rich Pincuszyzn. In the Ivy League, unbeaten Dartmouth took command by rushing for 509 yards to crush Penn 41-0, but all was not well in the Indians' tepee. The school's real Indians put the hatchet to the phony school mascot because, said freshman Howard Bad Hand, he perpetuated a romantic, naive and unrealistic view of the American Indian.

Harvard Quarterback Frank Champ, the hero of last year's tie with Yale, quit early in the week because "football has lost its meaning for me," so the Crimson proceeded to score its most points ever against an Ivy opponent while demolishing Columbia 51-0.

In Pittsburgh everyone was buzzing about Pitt's amazing winning streak, which stretched to the dizzy heights of two games with a routing 46-19 victory over Navy. It

was the first time since 1965 that Pitt had put together consecutive wins and it doubled the Panthers' 1968 victory total. Hopefully, Pitt will not let overconfidence run a good thing.

Defensive Game of the Week: Trinity 43, Rensselaer 43, after 900 yards total offense and 56 first downs.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (3-0)
2. MISSOURI (4-0)
3. OKLAHOMA (2-1)

Radio stations all around the state were playing *On Wisconsin* over and over, and that fine old Badger, Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, wept in the press box. (It was a day for that sort of stuff.) There was a big dance around the Camp Randall Stadium field and some serious talk about Wisconsin's winning streak. The man of the hour, Coach John Coatta, was carried off the field, dunked in the shower and was given the game ball. "Wisconsin is to be congratulated," said Iowa Coach Ray Nagel. "We all knew this was going to happen sooner or later."

What happened was that Wisconsin had gone crazy in the last quarter, scoring all its points to upset Iowa 23-17 and thus end a string of 23 straight games without a victory. It was no fluke, either. Iowa came into Madison averaging more than 500 yards total offense—second in the nation—but Wisconsin held the Hawkeyes to 309. And even without injured Greg (Grape Juice) Johnson (paw 58), Fullback Alan (A-Train) Thompson gained 104 yards, scored twice and moved Nagel to say, "That Thompson is one of the best fullbacks I've seen."

Only the mad scene in Madison surpassed the happiness at Ann Arbor, where Michigan threw the Big Ten into a dither by upending Purdue 31-10. The Wolverines forced Purdue's Mike Phipps into throwing four interceptions—his career high—and then used their own passer, Don Moorhead, to pick apart the Purdue secondary. "I just couldn't get a man to cut loose," moaned Phipps, who still accounted for all of Purdue's TDs with two passes and a run.

Purdue's loss brightened the Rose Bowl hopes of Indiana, which beat Minnesota 17-7. Both Purdue and Michigan still have to play Ohio State, an opponent that Indiana luckily manages to undstep this season. Hoosier Coach John Pont, angered by what he considered needless play by some of his seniors, benched Quarterback Harry Gonso and Flanker Jade Butcher, but Gonso got back in time to pitch out to John Isenbarger for Indiana's winning TD in the last quarter. At Columbus, Michigan State tried to run away from Ohio State's fine defense

continued



Seagram Distillers Company,
New York City, Blended Whisky.
86 Proof, 43% Grain Neutral Spirits.

**Better whiskey makes a better party.
Seagram's 7 Crown, the better party maker.**

Dodge



For the Smart Swinger... the Dart Swinger.

If you're a swinger who thinks your budget can't swing a new car this year... take a look at the Dart Swinger. Our lowest priced two-door hardtop. Swinger's big and roomy inside for that big-car ride. With all-vinyl seats that carry six of the

gang around in style. And new, larger standard engines. A mini-fuel 198-cu.-in. Six and a maxi-power 318-cu.-in. V8. Dart Swinger. One low-priced compact that doesn't slight you on looks, comfort, or extras. See Dart Swinger soon.



If you won't
take small
for an answer...

you could be

**DODGE
MATERIAL.**



ave back, Jack Tatum, but ran right into End Mark Debevoise instead. Debevoise intercepted a pass for Ohio State's first touchdown, then recovered a fumble to set up the second. By the time Larry Zelma had returned a punt 73 yards for one touchdown and Quarterback Rex Kern had run or passed for five more, the Buckeyes had run up a 54-21 victory—the most points ever scored against a Spartan team coached by Duffy Daugherty.

While Oklahoma was having its troubles against Texas (page 24), Missouri Quarterback Terry McMillan surprised Nebraska with a 69-yard scoring pass to Mel Gray on the second play from scrimmage, and the unbeaten Tigers went on to a 17-7 Big Eight victory.

Kansas State beat Kansas, as who hasn't these days, 26-22, but it was State's first victory over its rival in 15 years.

In the Mid-American Conference, Toledo's Rockets took another step toward a bowl game and the league title by beating host Bowling Green 23-26. The Rockets won on Ken Crots' 37-yard field goal into a 22-mile wind with only two seconds left on the clock. Crots, whose NCAA record string of 77 extra points was broken a week earlier, had already missed two field goals and had another blocked.

down—the first allowed by Arkansas in the last 21 quarters—Baylor never was inside the 15. "We're not the biggest people in the world and I think Baylor thought this could blow us out," said Defensive Tackle Gordon McNulty. "They may have done it on a couple of plays, but I don't think they could make a living on it."

None of the 49,000 fans thought about leaving the Texas Tech-Texas A&M game before the final whistle—five of their last six meetings had been decided in the last four minutes. This time, with 1:16 to go, Tech trailed 9-6, but Halfback Danny Hardaway scored from the one—his sixth straight carry into the line—and the Red Raiders came away with a 13-9 victory. None of the Lubbock fans were surprised. Hardaway's number 44 won Tech a lot of games when it was being worn by Donny Anderson.

Finally getting its Veer in gear, Houston defeated winless Arizona 34-17. As Quarterback Gary Mullins scored three times. The victory was especially pleasing to Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, who had once applied for the Arizona job, only to be turned down.

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (4-0)
2. LSU (4-0)
3. FLORIDA (4-0)

Nobody outside of Nashville was exactly sure why 34,000 fans had bothered to line up on Dudley Field's creaky old bleachers to watch the home team, Vanderbilt, play Alabama. The Commodores had not beaten the Crimson Tide—or anybody else much, for that matter—since 1956, and this season's prospects were hardly much brighter. Oh, sure, everyone had been all fired up about this Vandy team before the season, but then—bang, bang, bang—the Commodores had lost their first three, and once more their black jerseys looked only too fitting.

Well, after spotting Alabama a field goal, Vanderbilt gave its fans the sort of game

they have been wanting all these years. The Commodores not only penetrated Alabama's secondary for two touchdown passes, but their defense—which had yielded 1,299 yards and 96 points in the first three games—limited Alabama Quarterback Scott Hunter to only four completions in 25 attempts, including Chrisne Hawk's end-zone interception that began Vandy's winning drive in the last quarter. With the fans standing and cheering, Quarterback Watson Brown hit Tight End Jim Cunningham to make it 14-10, the clincher with 2:45 left. "You've got to give Bill Pace credit for taking the program at Vanderbilt and bringing it up to where they beat us," said Bear Bryant. "And, apparently, I've taken ours to where we got beat."

Only an upset of those dimensions could have upstaged what Mississippi's Archie Manning did to another previously unbeaten team, Georgia, in Jackson. Chased all over the field by the Bulldogs' defense, Manning hurt his shoulder late in the first half as Ole Miss fell behind 14-13, and he was still in the dressing room when the teams returned to the field for the second half. "Coach Vaughn left two doctors with me," Archie explained later, "and he told me to come out when I felt like it and when they said I could." He got back in the third quarter just in time to set up a touchdown run by Tailback Leon Felts, then stayed around long enough to hit Riley Myers with a 43-yard scoring pass on a play that surprised Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaughn almost as much as the Georgia secondary. Instead of running on third and short, Manning sent Myers deep. "I sure didn't send that play in," confessed Vaughn, who had more than Archie to gloat over after the Rebels' 25-17 victory; sophomore Cloyce Hinton kicked a 59-yard field goal for a national record.

Tennessee's trio of linemen—Steve Kiner, Jack Reynolds and Jackie Walker—bullied Georgia Tech enough that the Vols took over as the South's No. 1 team by winning 28-8. "You can get a complete education in one afternoon playing Tennessee," said Tech Coach Bud Carson. LSU's defense forced Miami to cough up a fumble and an interception in the last quarter, and the Tigers converted both into touchdowns en route to a 20-0 win. Florida's John Reeves hit Carlos Alvarez for a two-point conversion, and the Gators beat Tulane 18-17.

Virginia Tech's Jack Simcik—who had already connected from the 55 and 36—missed a 46-yard field goal attempt with 16 seconds left, and Tech lost to Kentucky 7-6. The Wildcats' new head coach, John Ray, had accused Auburn's Shug Jordan of pouring it on in an earlier 44-3 win, and Jordan was still smarting after his Tigers drubbed Clemson 51-0. "We played 61 men," said Shug. "We certainly weren't trying to run up the score." Whatever you say, Shug. **END**

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-0)
3. HOUSTON (2-2)

While Texas was taking care of Oklahoma (page 24), Arkansas had to struggle against winless Baylor. Early in the last quarter the Razorbacks were still tied—hugged, if you will—with the Bears, which was a pretty shocking development considering that Baylor had been chewed up by LSU 63-8 only a week earlier. The game finally beat in Arkansas' favor with a bit more than 12 minutes to play when the Razorbacks' wide receiver, Chuck Debus, made a superb catch at the Baylor two. The pass from Quarterback Bill Montgomery had traveled 48 yards, and it set up the second of Bill Burnett's three TD plunges. "Sometimes you just throw and hope, and that was one of them," said Montgomery.

As Debus brought the ball back down to earth, he landed on his shoulder, separating it, and now will miss the Wichita State and Texas A&M games. His loss early could put a crimp in Montgomery's passing game, so far Arkansas' most deadly weapon. Against TCU Debus had caught scoring passes of 73 and 23 yards, and his 21-yard catch helped the Porkers to their first TD against Baylor. Of course, Arkansas can always fall back on its defense. Except for its only touch-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Quarterbacks Denis Painter and Watson Brown hit on 22 of 34 passes as Vandy upset Alabama 14-10. Watson passed for the winning TD but Painter, up from the B squad, threw for 60 yards in the drive.

THE LINEMAN: Michigan Tight End Jim Mandich looked like another Benne Oosterbaan as the Wolverines upset Purdue 31-20 at Ann Arbor. Mandich, a senior, caught 10 passes for 136 yards, including a four-yard scoring grab.

• "They started off with pretty good equipment, but man, it got better," says Packer publicist Chuck Lane of Mrs. Bart Starr (left) and Mrs. Zeke Bratkowski. "If they're any example, the whole world should be out there running." The Packer team has been out there running since February and is in good shape, too, but there's more interest around Green Bay in the shapes of Cherry Starr and M.E. (Mary Elizabeth) Bratkowski. The girls started last January, and are now up to two miles a day and down to clothes they haven't been able to wear for years. As Cherry explains, "Bart was running, and he felt so good and I felt so bad. And after we had been married about 14 years he started bringing these things home, like an exercise bike, and I figured he was trying to tell me something." At first Cherry ran a mile through the house—14 circuits from the mud area through the kitchen, the dinette, the den, Bart's study, the master bedroom, down the hall, through the living room, the formal dining

room and back to the mud area. Spring brought decent weather and the Bratkowskis as neighbors, so Cherry and M.E. began running together every morning. "We talk," says M.E., "huffing and puffing, but we talk the whole way." Says Zeke, "That's ridiculous!" So what does he know? Are the Packers out there running of their own free will?

When word of Jackie Onassis' pseudo-judo exploits (judo *se-se*) agree that whatever photographer Mel Finkelstein may have said she did to him, it wasn't judo) reached the newspapers, Bill MacFarland didn't waste a moment. The general manager and coach of the Western Hockey League's Seattle Totems dispatched the following telegram to Mrs. Onassis: THIS IS A FIRM OFFER FOR YOU TO SIGN WITH THE SEATTLE TOTEMS HOCKEY CLUB TO PLAY DEFENSE. PLEASE ADVISE YOUR INTEREST AND AVAILABILITY SOONEST. THE TOTEMS HOME SEASON OPENS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11TH. WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A POSITIVE REPLY. As it turned out, they got no reply, and without Jackie they dropped their first home game to the Portland Buckaroos by a score of 8-5.

• In Madrid on the first lap of their European tour, Astronauts Buzz Aldrin, Mike Collins and Neil Armstrong were the first U.S. visitors to be welcomed with an open-car cavalcade since Eisenhower was so honored 11 years ago, and three of Spain's foremost mutators presented them each with a *mostrera* and a *traje de laces*—a formal bull-fighter's hat and the traditional gorgeously embroidered suit of laces. Matadors Santiago Martin, Antonio Bienvenido and Paco Camiso chose suits which had been worn upon an occasion of particular glory to offer America's heroes, who were depicted in full bullfighting regalia all over Spain upon posters which



welcomed them as *espadas* (swordsmen) "new to this ring." The only hitch came when Camiso, a slight fellow with a small head, attempted to place his *mostrera* on Collins' high, shiny forehead. With no hair to cling to and being several sizes too small, the hat kept falling off, until with a diplomatic "allow me," Collins managed to balance it long enough for the photographer to take the picture.

One of the founders of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee is a dove named Hawk—David Hawk, who in 1963, as a junior at Cornell, was the Eastern Seaboard diving champion and a member of the All-America swimming and diving team. "There were the Olympic trials to stay in shape for," he says, "but I decided not to do that." What he did decide to do was to become involved in politics (in 1968 he campaigned for Eugene McCarthy), and lately he has been putting in virtually a 24-hour day for the Moratorium Committee, but he misses diving. "Ever since junior high school, I've spent three or four hours a day working out," he says. "And diving isn't all that much work."

Last week Pat Nixon accepted a lifetime membership card in the Women's International Bowling Congress and revealed 1) that the President has bought personalized bowling balls for

the whole family (the First Lady's is marbled blue and has *Pat N* inscribed on it), 2) that she learned to bowl while teaching school in Whittier, Calif., when she "lived across the street from a bowling alley—center, excuse me", 3) that her competitive spirit has been "really good" since the days when she won a second prize at a 4-H competition for hogs she fattened, and 4) that she hopes to "sneak over" to the White House bowling center to "do some practicing so I can beat Dick... He's better than I am (but) he's so busy there is rarely time to play."

Eric Stanley Gardner has made one concession to his age (80)—he has put away his bow and arrows and taken to using a rifle to hunt meat on his frequent expeditions into the least accessible regions of the American Southwest. Otherwise it's business as usual, i.e., he had six secretaries working all summer to keep up with his correspondence, books and articles, as well as the Court of Last Resort: *The Perry Mason* TV Series, based on his best-known detective fiction, is no longer being produced, but a new show is in the works and demanding his attention. All of which explains why Gardner, asked last week if he planned to watch the Series, replied, "Oh, I watch when there's a rerun, but we're filming the District Attorney stories now."

We mean business



We turn down thousands of non-management applications every year.
(Result: a concentrated circulation of over 630,000 top decision makers that really means business.)

BusinessWeek

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



Ray Scott rides hard on the watery range of bass fisherman who are crawling out from behind every stump to join his organization

A big BASS bash in Arkansas

When it comes to black bass, Ray Scott of Montgomery, Ala. has a silver tongue and a golden touch. Scott is the president and chairman of the board of the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society, succinctly known as BASS, and when he talks about bass—largemouth, smallmouth or Kentucky spotted—he comes on like a revival preacher painting the glories of paradise gained. "I can inspire people!" Scott exclaims. "I can make them dance!" Scott has what he calls "bass on the brain." He sends out color photographs of himself helping a string of junkers inscribed "Bass wishes," and he sometimes sends letters to fellow enthusiasts with "Lures truly." A foe of pollution, he often starts a

speech before luncheon clubs by flinging a streaming roll of toilet paper across the room. "On a real good pitch," he says, "I get a rebound off the back wall."

Six feet two and country-boy handsome, Scott can move almost any crowd. The choice phrase, the folksy drawl and the ring of conviction come naturally. Now 36, Scott worked as an insurance man after graduating from Auburn, and a decade of selling policies to doctors and dentists, the toughest group there is, gave him countless opportunities to polish his ways of reaching people. In one three-year period he racked up \$3 million in sales of life insurance and health policies, which he dubbed "living death" insurance. Then, two years

ago, Scott, a fanatic fisherman since boyhood, quit insurance to found BASS. He rented a four-by-four-foot office, hired a secretary and set out to recruit members at annual dues of \$10 a head.

Employing the same referral system he used to find insurance prospects, Scott began soliciting members, and BASS now stands at more than 7,000 strong. "Nobody believed there were that many fishermen crazy enough to join," he says, "but bass fishermen are crawling out from behind every rock and stump in this part of the country. By next year we should have 25,000 members in every part of the country. We're gettin' these people. We're smokin' 'em out! My idea is to organize. The polluters are organized. Now it's the turn of the bass fishermen."

A new member of BASS gets a personal letter of welcome from Scott (who asks toward the end for the names and addresses of any bass-fishing friends), a silk embroidered jacket emblem showing a leaping bass, decals of the same, a membership card (accompanied by a calendar "useful in planning your next fishing trip") and a year's subscription to *The Bassmaster Magazine*, a 36-page quarterly edited by Scott and given over to such heady inside stuff as how to catch bass with the single-spin spinner in brush-clogged shallows or how to rig the floating plastic worm for some real productive down-deep fishing. "People are hungry for information," Scott says. "We don't give you seven paragraphs about azure sunrises. We go for know-how. I had one of the best top-water masters in the country, a railroad man up in Tennessee, do an article. He said he didn't know how to write an article, but I told him to write me a letter and tell me exactly what he did. I got a letter, and there were sentences 30 feet long and only two paragraphs. I told my secretary to take a pair of scissors and make some more paragraphs, but I didn't monkey with it otherwise. It was 2,000 words of real fireside talk. The reader can look at the slaughtered grammar and get the wisdom, and, buddy, you can't put it down. We deal in the truth. Truth is a rare commodity. Not many people sell it anymore."

For BASS members, Scott also maintains a "real earthy information service." Any member bound for unfamiliar territory may write or phone Scott for the names of the best nearby bass lakes, motels, marinas and guide services. Scott

continued

We mean business

For 18 years advertisers have bought more pages in Business Week than in any other consumer magazine except one.



Creating
a
better
impression



CROSS
SINCE 1906

Cross Writing Instruments
in Lustrous Chrome, 12 and
14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling
and Solid 14 Kt. Gold.
Mechanically Guaranteed
for a lifetime of writing
pleasure. From five to fifty
dollars each.
At Better Stores Worldwide

FISHING continued

also provides the name, address and phone number of a local BASS member who can offer up-to-the-minute information on fishing conditions.

Another attraction for members is the BASS tournaments that Scott stages. For years fishing tournaments generally have been in bad repute. Entries were not screened, rules were loosely drawn, supervision and opportunities for cheating boundless. Scott wanted none of this. He aims to see BASS tournaments become the PGA tour of fishing. Each tournament is limited to the first 100 members who apply, and there is a stiff entry fee of \$125. "This stops riffraff," says Scott.

The rules are thorough, and Scott and a squadron of officials enforce them impartially and to the letter. Contestants from different states fish in pairs and are assigned a new partner for each day of the three-day tournament. Electronic fish locators are allowed, but trolling and live bait are prohibited. Scoring is based on weight, with every ounce of bass worth 10 points. No bass less than 12 inches may count in the scoring, and the limit is 10 bass per day. All bass caught go to charity. In the event of a tie for first place, there is a "sudden-death fishoff."

So far there have been exactly a dozen BASS tournaments, of which the most recent was the \$7,000 All-American Invitational on Lake Ouachita near Hot Springs, Ark. late last month. Previous tournaments had been held on "hot" bass lakes, such as Sam Rayburn Reservoir in Texas, but Scott purposely picked Ouachita for a time of year when fishing was difficult. The schools of bassfish were sure to be scattered, and so would the bass that prey upon them. Moreover, the moon would be full, prompting bass to feed at night rather than during the day when contestants were out on the lake. "We want a real test," Scott said before the tournament. "We want to bring out the *talent* in a man. A fisherman can't get lucky on a lake with these conditions."

Bass masters on hand for the All-American included Blake Honeycutt, an electrical contractor from Hickory, N.C. who won the Eufaula (Ala.) National at Lake Eufaula in July with a record catch of 139 pounds of bass; Tom Mann of Eufaula, a former game warden who manufactures one of the best-selling lures around, a lead minnow spinner named

Little George after Governor Wallace; and Bill Dance of Memphis, Tenn. Only 28, Dance probably is the greatest bass fisherman in the world. Scott discovered him two years ago while on a trip to Beaver Lake, Ark. "I had an hour and a half wait at the airport in Memphis," Scott recalls, "so I got me a pocketful of nickels and started workin' the phone booth. I remember the name from the Yellow Pages. Lake View Marina, and I said, 'We're lookin' for some sure-nuff high-class bass fishermen,' and the manager of the marina said, 'There's a young feller here named Dance, and he's better than anyone.' " Dance joined BASS, and up until Lake Ouachita he had fished 10 tournaments, ending up with three first places, four seconds, a fifth, a seventh and 19th. (He would have finished third instead of 19th, but he was set back in the standings when he was late for a weigh-in.) Dance's favorite lure is a purple plastic floating Creme worm rigged behind a sliding slip sinker. He has become so proficient "fishin' the worm" that a year ago he gave up his job as a furniture salesman to become a field-research and promotion man for the Creme Lure Company in Tyler, Texas, the leading manufacturer of plastic worms.

Many of the contestants trailed their own boats to Lake Ouachita. There were Skeeter Hawks, Rangers and Kingfishers galore, all now very popular in the South. Specially made for bass fishing, they have low freeboard and swivel seats fore and aft for easy casting. Some of the boats could really move. Bill Dance hits close to 50 mph in his 16-foot Ranger powered by a 120-hp Chrysler. Ron Bobrow's customized 13-foot Boston Whaler, equipped with 80 horses, all but flies.

Most fishermen arrived at the Crystal Springs Fishing Village several days before the tournament in order to scout Ouachita, a 13-year-old 48,000-acre artificial impoundment with 975 miles of shoreline. Bill Dance studied both the lake and a topographical map of the bottom, looking for drop-offs, submerged islands and humps, stands of flooded brush and timber, abandoned homesteads and even cemetery sites. "After the graves are removed, there are depressions in the bottom three to five feet deep," Dance explained. "Bass may drop down into the depressions because the water is a little darker and cooler."

At 6:30 Thursday morning, the first

continued

We mean business



You can read Newsweek plus Time and U.S. News & World Report and still not get as much business news as from Business Week alone.

BusinessWeek

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

Source: United H.M. Co.

day of the tournament, all contestants reported to the marina where Scott and white-baited BASS officials, members of the host Spa Bass Club, inspected equipment, boats and anglers. At 7:16 Scott fired a flare gun, and the boats ("Jus' like buzzin' bees") roared off. Dance headed for a point of land he had explored and cast his floating purple worm into the water. He slowly began working it along the bottom. A 2½-pound-largemouth sucked it in, and Dance felt the nudge. He drove home the hook and landed the fish. With a bright sun on the clear lake, Dance figured the bass were lying in cooler water deep below the surface where the water temperature was 82°. He caught all his bass 30 to 37 feet down where the water temperature was 70° to 72°.

In the first day Dance landed a total of 15 bass. He kept the 10 best, released the rest alive, and at 6 that evening, at weigh-in time, he found himself in second place with 11 pounds one ounce of bass worth 1,770 points. The

leader, with 2,040 points, was a barrel-chested veteran named J. D. Gray from Mableton, Ga. who had skipped out of a hospital bed, where he was to undergo surgery, to make the tournament.

On Friday, the second day, Dance fished flooded timber at the upper end of an inlet. He caught 18 and kept the 10 best. At the weigh-in J. D. eyed the catch skeptically. "Two of 'em are short," he said. Scott placed the bass on a measuring board and both were exactly 1/64th of an inch less than the required foot. J.D. gave a big guffaw, and Dance, an old friend, grimaced. Still, Dance's catch weighed enough to move him into first place ahead of J.D., 3,870 points to 3,540.

On Saturday, the final day, Dance fished the current side of a bend in a drowned creek bed. He came in with 10 fish. At weigh-in his final point total came to 5,800, good enough for the first prize of \$1,500 and a new Ranger bass boat. J. D. Gray dropped to third, worth \$500, and Bill Rose of Bull Shoals,

Ark. finished second, winning \$1,600.

That night at the awards dinner at the Vapors, a former gambling casino in Hot Springs, Scott presented Dance with a check and the first-place trophy. "Bill," he said, as everyone whooped and hollered, "you're the only man I know who makes more money out of this deal than I do."

Scott is now back in Montgomery raising hell about some fish kills on the Tombigbee River, putting the finishing touches on a new issue of *The Bassmaster* and completing arrangements for a couple of tournaments. In mid-November, Scott will hold the first BASS team tournament at Lake Eufaula. In December BASS will hold a small tournament at Lake Naville, Mexico, 160 miles south of Douglas, Ariz. "You can smell the fish from the border," says Scott. All in all, Scott's time is completely taken up with bass, and he would not have it any other way. "I used to tell my wife I was goin' fishin'," he says. "Now I just say I'm goin' to work."

END

Give your color TV set a sporting chance.



Team it up with a made-for-color Winegard antenna.

Model CW-98



Winegard
ANTENNA SYSTEMS

WINEGARD COMPANY • 3028-C KIRKWOOD STREET • BURLINGTON, IOWA 52601

Know what you need to guarantee* color tv that's sharp and clear—on all channels? One of our totally new, totally different all-channel Color Wedge antennas.

The Color Wedge, you see, has a new electronic design that enables your tv set to receive more signals for sharper, clearer color reception—even on weak, hard-to-get channels. What's more, it drastically reduces ghosts, snow and other tv interferences.

And while a Color Wedge works better than any other antenna around, it lasts longer. That's because it has a new true truss construction, genuine gold anodized finish to provide permanent weather protection. And an exclusive built-in cartridge housing that protects wire and connections.

Give your color tv set a sporting chance. With a Winegard Color Wedge. Or if you can't put up an outdoor antenna, try a Winegard Color-Captor indoor antenna.

*Winegard guarantees your satisfaction for 12 months after installation.



There are 2 major hotlines in the world.

Only Hilton's promises you a room.



The Hilton Reservation Service puts you into a room from any of 360 important world cities. Instantly. In 160 Hilton or associated hotels.

We'll probably confirm your reservation within seconds. Certainly within minutes. And we'll guarantee your rates.

It may or may not impress you that our automated helpers race information to you at computer speeds. But it should be meaningful that we can save your company the expense of phoning around the world when you plan your travels. Wherever there's a Hilton Reservation Service (and that's in 360 cities) you're only a local phone call away from total service.

And total service is the Hilton idea. We believe you should get what you want, and get it now. It's the kind of treatment you expect whenever you do business with a Hilton. Whether it's the San Diego Hilton or the New York Hilton, the Shamrock in Houston or the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, the Hilton name means service. Now.

That's how things
are in the friendly
world of
Hilton.
Fast, sure,
and local.



Call the Hilton Reservation Service in your city or your travel agent.

The friendly world of
Hilton



You can't keep a good high jumper down

Four years ago world record holder Valeri Brumel of the U.S.S.R. smashed his right leg in a motorcycle accident, but after six operations he is back in training, has already cleared 6' 9½" and has higher hopes

Valeri Brumel moves with a slow grace. His face is handsome, with smooth, even features and soft blue-green eyes, yet it is brooding and possessed. He jogs around the stadium with a slight limp. He is a wounded champion. It is hard to imagine a defect beneath the dark blue sweat suit, white wool socks and Adidas track shoes. Standing under a portrait of Lenin in the great stadium in Sochi, the Black Sea resort, Brumel still seems very much the world high-jump record holder. Indeed, his record (7' 5½", which he set in 1963) is still unbroken, but there is a tragic flaw. The skin is scarred on his right leg along the lower part of the shin. On the night of Oct. 6, 1965 Valeri Brumel, age 23, high-jump champion of the Soviet Union, Europe and the Olympic Games, was thrown from a motorcycle along the Moscow River embankment.

Brumel was riding pillion behind a friend, a merited master rider. She skidded driving through an underpass, and as they emerged the motorcycle hit the curb, throwing them both. She was unhurt. Brumel remembers striking the concrete abutment of a lamppost, then, as he recovered consciousness, seeing his white bone. His leg was so badly in-

jured that he recalls, "It seemed as if I carried my foot in my hands to the hospital at midnight."

The operation lasted five hours. His shinbones were pulverized. The surgeon who performed the operation, Dr. Ivan Kucherenko, head of the traumatology department of Moscow's Sklifosovsky Institute, told newsmen who gathered at the hospital: "I cannot guarantee anything. He suffered a severe oblique comminuted fracture of the tibia and femur in the lower part of the shin, aggravated by considerable damage to the soft tissue. As you journalists would say, his foot hung by a thread." Another surgeon, in less precise language, said: "Brumel's leg was a complete mess." There was a threat of amputation, but Dr. Kucherenko saved the leg. Piecing the shattered bones together was like creating a mosaic.

The following morning a close friend was permitted a brief visit. Brumel was exhausted, lost and remorseful. "It turned out badly . . . very badly," he said. "You know I could have cleared 7' 7½". It's a shame I didn't do it. But I will. Remember what I say. In one, two or five years I'll invite you to my first training session."

But the leg did not heal. Brumel de-

veloped osteomyelitis, an infection of the bone marrow. Again his leg was threatened with amputation. For months drugs didn't seem to work. Then, slowly, his leg began to mend. He was allowed to stand on crutches. By February 1966, Brumel and his doctors were optimistic. "If everything continues well Valeri could begin practicing within half a year," said Dr. Kucherenko. When the cast was removed X rays showed that the bones had knit, but the new bone growth had not yet hardened. Brumel was buoyant and began preliminary training, lifting 6½-pound dumbbells in his room and swimming regularly in the pool at the Sklifosovsky Institute. Gradually, he was able to take a few steps without the aid of crutches. "I think I shall be able to resume training by autumn, and the first prize I win in competition will go to Dr. Kucherenko," Brumel told sportswriters.

He began to walk without his crutches. Then he tried to climb stairs on his own. One day in March he walked down the stairs from his room without crutches. As he began to climb back he felt a sharp pain in his leg. Even with crutches he found it difficult to return to bed. He had pushed himself and his leg too

continued

Gordon's.
It's how the English
keep their
gin up!

...and
you stir a
meticulous
martini.



Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin?
Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you stir a drier, more precise martini in 1969.
A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with
the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1

quickly and dislocated bones that had not yet completely healed. He had to begin his recovery all over again.

Brumel was transferred to the Moscow Central Institute for Traumatology and Orthopedics where four metallic needles in a special compression device were used to fasten his bones in place. Plans to resume training had to be abandoned. "Of course, I alone am to blame for all this," Brumel explained. "I had succumbed to a kind of hypnosis. Everyone asked me when I would begin jumping again. That's why I was too hasty." By the spring of 1968, after spending nearly two years in bed and on crutches, Brumel was still very much a cripple. His right leg was three centimeters (slightly more than an inch) shorter than his left leg. At this point, there was little talk of training and still less of jumping.

Nonetheless, Brumel had managed to graduate from the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture and was qualified for a career as a trainer or physical education instructor. He was 26, married, with a son. He had a two-room apartment in a new building near the Dynamo Stadium, and a Mercedes 220, a rare luxury for a Soviet citizen. He had become a full member of the Communist Party and could count on a career as an athletic official. Yet, after six operations on his leg, Brumel still dreamed of becoming a champion again. The single-mindedness that had got him the world record had taken hold once more. He visited specialists, sought consultations and solutions. There seemed to be

no answer until a sportswriter told Brumel about Gavril Ilizarov, a surgeon from Kurgan in western Siberia, who had developed his own radical method for treating fractures. Dr. Ilizarov rejected plaster casts because he said they interfered with circulation and caused stiffness. Brumel flew to the small city in the Urals and discussed his case with Dr. Ilizarov, who detailed a five-month program to lengthen Brumel's leg and get him back in condition to begin training. Not only was his right leg three centimeters shorter than the left, but his right thigh had become three centimeters thinner from muscle atrophy.

On May 28, 1968 Brumel was operated on by Dr. Ilizarov. He sliced through the shinbone on a diagonal just above the shattered portion. Then clamps were set in place on the bone, forcing the severed shinbones apart at the rate of three-fourths of a millimeter every 24 hours. The rate of movement, however, was so slight that it did not interfere with the bone-knitting process, and after 45 days the pressure had produced the required three centimeters of bone. At the time of the operation, Dr. Ilizarov also used bone grafts to fortify the shattered segments of shinbone. On Oct. 18, nearly five months later, the treatment was complete, and Brumel was able to walk with a slight limp but without crutches.

Then came the slow, often agonizing conditioning process: massage, swimming, running, weight lifting. On Dec. 15, 1968 Brumel invited friends to his first training session since the accident.

At the Young Pioneers' Stadium in Moscow he performed gymnastic exercises, did knee bends on his right leg and worked with weights. He walked over to the high-jump pit and looked at the bar, but he did not jump. Dr. Ilizarov had issued strict instructions. Brumel was to work out in the gym, have his leg massaged, run cross-country and swim. "I'll start jumping after I learn to run," he said. When Brumel set his world record he ran 100 meters in 10.6. Now his goal was 12 seconds.

On March 3, 1969, after three months of training (20 days of which were lost when he had the gripe), Brumel made his first jumps since the accident. He jumped 19 times beginning at 5' 11" and finally clearing 6' 6 1/2". He tried 6' 8 1/2" but missed and gave up for the day. Brumel was elated. So was his coach, Yuri Chistyakov. Brumel could still jump, but he was back to the same level he had started at 10 years earlier when he cleared 6' 4 1/2" in his first all-U.S.S.R. competition. "The treatment has ended. Now the training begins," said Chistyakov, an old friend with whom Brumel trained and competed in the past. Chistyakov, who is 35, has a wonderful relationship with Brumel, who treats him more like an older brother than a coach. It is the kind of handling that Brumel needs badly. Brumel turned to Chistyakov for personal advice when his marriage deteriorated, and he frequently spends weekends with Chistyakov at the family dacha outside Moscow.

In Sochi last April, Brumel was beginning to step up his training, but progress was still slow. His former coach, Vladimir Dyachkov, was in the stadium with a crop of young hopefuls. He had no time for Brumel anymore. When a visiting correspondent asked Dyachkov, "How are Valeri's chances?" the coach replied, "Which Valeri?" There is clearly a feeling of bitter disappointment between the two. For Dyachkov, Brumel was a remarkable phenomenon, a human being capable of seemingly infinite perfection. Dyachkov, who has studied the relationship between muscle development and performance, had developed an elaborate program for Brumel. Brumel was his creation. He achieved his world record by combining speed with strength. In 1960 he could squat with 320 pounds and that year he cleared 7' 2 1/2". In 1962-63 Brumel squatted with 385 pounds and got the world record. Bru-



BRUMEL POSES WITH HIS MOST RECENT DOCTOR, GAVRIL ILIZAROV, IN RED SQUARE

mel believes that his strength, speed and jumping ability are interdependent. But he is lifting only 330 pounds these days, and it may take him three years to get back to his championship form.

Talking with Brumel in Sochi on his 27th birthday, one got the impression that he was still determined to make a comeback. Yet there was also a new trace of maturity and self-questioning. The young, cocky champion, full of horseplay, had vanished. He contemplated the arduous road back. "The training is going so well it makes me cautious," he said with a smile.

In a suite at the Leningradskaya Hotel, overlooking the Black Sea, Brumel was munching radishes and scallions and sipping white wine, a rare indulgence permitted by Chistyakov for his birthday. Brumel is reticent to discuss specific goals or talk of breaking his own record. Yuri Chistyakov is sympathetic to his plight. He says, "What matters at this stage is not whether he can equal or surpass his previous height.

The main thing is psychological therapy so that he feels he is back in the ranks again. After all that he has been through, Valen must be made to feel that he is capable of being a normal athlete, that he is no longer a cripple." At the right psychological moment, Chistyakov says he will place Brumel in the "iron glove" of training so that he can compete again.

That moment came in Moscow in June. Valen Brumel competed in a track meet for the first time since his accident. He cleared 6' 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " to take second place in a trade union track meet. The winning height was 6' 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

Chistyakov feels that to compete regularly, Brumel must be able to jump at least 7' 1". He obviously expects that Brumel can regain his old form and perhaps even reach his goal of 7' 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". "It's not your age, it's the time you've been engaged in a sport," says Chistyakov.

At this stage, Brumel is still not certain of his own limits and just how well his leg will respond. He takes off from

his left leg, and if he can get his right leg back into shape he might jump to a new height. His former coach, Dyachkov, thinks that Brumel's career is finished and that he can never conquer his flawed leg. But others, like Nikolai Ozolin, 63, Europe's first 14-foot pole vaulter, believe that Brumel can have a second career. "Due to his steady disposition and determination he will come back," says Ozolin.

Through his ordeal, Brumel has been backed by the All-Union Federation of Sports Societies and the Burevestnik Society, for whose club he competes. He has always won and he wants to win again. Indeed, Brumel's desire to be first is a legend among his friends. Chistyakov recalls a day in 1964, before the Rome Olympics when he, Brumel and the celebrated long jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan had a few hours off and were shooting pistols at a target. Brumel was not quite as good as the others, but, stubbornly, he kept on shooting. In the end, he made the best score.

END

This cassette recorder system knows more about recording levels than you do.

Craig makes it.

This one has Craig's advanced Automatic Recording Level Control for music. No knobs to fool with. No needles to watch. Push one button—just one—and get perfect recording levels on every cassette, every time. Playback quality is outstanding, and stereo cassette albums last almost forever. The Craig model 2707 \$169.95, suggested retail price. Deck version available. For dealer list and spec's, write Dept. 35-7.

CRAIG

Magnasonic Craig Corporation
2302 East 15th Street, Los Angeles, California 90021



Why don't we try it again soon?

But it took 42 years for two old partners to win their second title

When the ancient nobles of tennis gathered in Seattle two weeks ago for the third playing of the National USLTA Senior Men's (60 years old and over) indoor tennis championships, it was instantly noted that something special had been added. It was not just that the USLTA had recently approved the addition of a senior mixed doubles (women over 40 and men over 60) to the event. This was good news enough to the Seattle Tennis Club, where local housewives almost dominate the six luxurious indoor courts on the shores of Lake

Washington. No, the something special was the entry of a diminutive bundle of good cheer named Sarah Palfrey Danzig—playing in her first amateur tournament since she won the national singles in 1945.

In all, there were 32 men over 60 and 14 over 65, and 25 mixed doubles teams. "Rather amazing," quipped a tournament official, "that we could find any women who will admit they are over 40." Somebody figured out that among them the entrants had won 93 national tournaments in years gone by. An impressive number, except for the fact that Sarah herself had won 37 of the total. Sarah's titles, added to the 20 won by her doubles partner, C. Alphonso Smith of Alexandria, Va., added up to 57 tournament victories, and they were, of course, the stars of the show.

"Now, Alphonso," Sarah was heard to caution her 60-year-old partner, "we must be cruel. When we are playing inferior opponents, we must be cruel and play as well as we can. There is a great temptation, you know, to be overly kind to an inferior opponent, and that can destroy our game. We must be cruel and play hard at all times." This ad-

monition was delivered in a Back Bay accent, mixed with a touch of New York, which somehow comes out rather British. "Yes, my dear," agreed C. Alphonso Smith.

At 57, Sarah Palfrey Danzig weighs only a few pounds more than the 110 she carried as the Little Miss Doubles of the 1920s and '30s. Her eyes sparkled with enjoyment, and she was everywhere among the competitors, crying encouragement, remembering old friends, obviously feeling the excitement of a tournament again. Her mini-dress and dark hair, tied in the back, gave her a little-girl look, and though her serve, ever robust in its prime, had now become soft and friendly, her reactions at the net were quick and sure.

Sarah and Alphonso described their entry in the senior mixed doubles as "sort of a sentimental journey." Sarah was only 14 when she was paired with Smith, then 17, to win the Massachusetts State Junior Mixed Doubles at the Longwood Cricket Club at Brookline in 1927. Sarah still keeps a weathered clipping from *The Boston Globe*, dated July 3, 1927, which recorded their victory.

"Alphonso seemed like such an old, old boy then," Sarah said. "It was a blind date, so to speak. He was an absolute delight to play with. Never missed a thing. He had a muscular forehand and a Western grip. It was a long day, and I remember they fed us raisins for energy. When it was finished, Alphonso came up and said, 'I hope it won't be too long before we can play together again.'"

It turned out to be 42 years. After her victory with Smith, Sarah went on to win the U.S. national doubles title nine times, with the likes of Betty Nuthall, Heleo Jacobs, Alice Marble and Margaret Osborne. She twice won the national singles, in 1941 and 1945, and four times won the national mixed doubles title, with Fred Perry, Enrique Maier, Don Budge and Jack Kramer. Teaming with Alice Marble, she won the Wimbledon doubles twice and was named on every Wightman Cup team from 1930 through 1939. Six years ago Sarah was voted into the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame.

C. Alphonso Smith, meanwhile, went on winning some titles of his own, including six national singles and 14 na-



WHEN C. ALPHONSO SMITH FIRED SARAH PALFREY DANZIG, THE GAME WAS ON

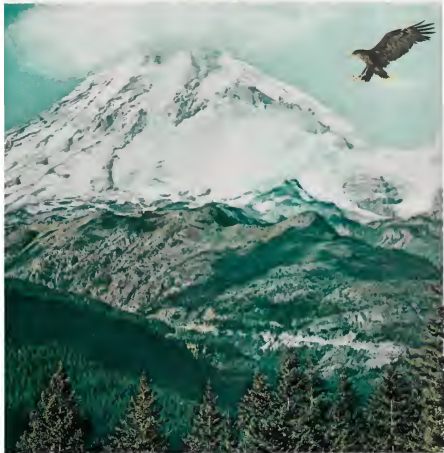
**The outside
is inside**



English Leather Timberline—a rugged refreshing scent for the outdoor man. In after shave, cologne, soap, deodorant and gift sets. English Leather Timberline. It gives you the great feeling of the great outdoors.

**ENGLISH LEATHER
TIMBERLINE.**

PRODUCT OF MEN COMPANY, INC. NORTHVILLE, MI 48867





**What a good time.
What a good taste.
What a good time for a Kent.**



©1989 Lorillard Inc.

King Size or 100's.

tional doubles championships, although his most memorable victory came in 1963, when he was playing a tournament in Lynchburg, Va., and was called out of the locker room to learn that he'd won \$142,800 in the Irish Sweepstakes. "After that I did a lot of things on the spur of the moment," he says, "and maybe that's one reason I asked Sarah to come to Seattle to renew our acquaintance in the mixed doubles."

As Sarah recalls it, the telephone rang in her Park Avenue apartment early last month and the unfamiliar voice said, "This is your old doubles partner, C. Alphonso Smith. Now don't say no to what I am about to suggest until you think about it." Sarah burst into laughter when he suggested the tournament in Seattle. "But I'm not as good as you think I am," she protested, and Smith replied, "Yes, you are. You have always loved the net, and we are going to go out there and win."

"I had only three weeks to train," she says. "So the first thing I did was give up my cigars. I quit cigarettes a while ago, and now I smoke cigars, but I gave them up for this tournament. I was only playing once a week, so the first week I played three times, then increased it to every day. I began calling up better players to help me get sharp again, and then the most terrible thing happened: I was fixing the fire in our summer place at Lost Lake and the anderson fell over and landed on my little toe. It doesn't hurt, really. I've got this hole cut in my shoe and it really doesn't bother me at all."

For all of her outward cordiality, Sarah clearly took her first tournament in 24 years with more than passing seriousness. Early on the first day, she scouted several mixed doubles matches and reported to Alphonso: "There's a certain lady out there if we meet her, I think we'll give her plenty of lobs." Sarah and Alphonso won their opening match handily 6-1, 6-0. She showed up the next day with several packets of Sportade, a new compound for energy, then bought a floppy hat "because I was having trouble with those indoor lights on my serve." That afternoon she gathered a bucket of balls and a volunteer and went out to practice her serve.

"I'm really nervous—a little," she con-

fessed. "That's why I plan to warm up a bit before each match. I have never played a match in all my days when I wasn't a little nervous, even against poor players. Alphonso is a good partner to have, a sound thinker with a great return of the serve. Not a great volleyer but a good one, very heady, very dependable."

"I still like the net. I'm aggressive, I always loved to run in and put the shot away. Today I run to the net, but I don't put it away as much. But Alphonso is good in the backcourt." Sarah and Alphonso breezed through the quarterfinals 6-2, 6-1, and made the finals when a scheduling gaffe caused Joe Cram, a judge from San Bernardino, to default by refusing to play a third tough match on Saturday.

The finals on Sunday found Sarah and Alphonso facing the rangy team of Mrs. George Prince of Seattle and Len Dworin, a retired detective sergeant with the Los Angeles county sheriff's office. That match was delayed for 10 minutes when Sarah dashed off the court after a few warmup shots and raced for the clubhouse. "Good heavens," wailed Alphonso, dropping his racket in mock disgust. "Do you know what she did? She forgot to put on her tennis pants!"

Dworin, a strong hitter, played to Sarah with modestly good results, but Alphonso, serving up an amazing variety of drop shots, backhand chops and a cross-court looping forehand, kept things under control. After flubbing a few early shots, Sarah steadied down at the net and the two old champs won the first set 6-4. Things got a bit sticky in the second set when Dworin-Prince led 2-0, at which point Alphonso cautioned: "Sarah, be sure of the middle shot. Don't poach unless you're sure of the shot." Sarah and Alphonso pulled even, then went ahead 5-3 and won the set and the match and the title 6-3.

"Oh, we'd have lots of strategy sessions," Sarah beamed happily at the finish. "We decided to mix them up against Mrs. Prince, but she did play awfully well. We figured Mr. Dworin would poach a lot and try to upset me. He did a bit, but fortunately he didn't aim it at me quite as much as we expected. It was much tougher than 42 years ago. Then we did it on rafts. Today we did it on Sportade."

AND

The end of the slack slack.



We've taken up the slack in our Perma-Prest® slacks with these trim-cuts from our Kings Road Collection. Newest patterns in a blend of Dacron® polyester and rayon. In Country shades of brown, green, blue or gold. Under \$10. Available at selected Sears stores and in Catalog.

*DuPont Registered Trademark

Sears The Men's Store

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.



WERBLIN (CENTER) AND TRAINER BOND WELCOME THEIR CHAMPAGNE WINNERS

Sonny... just like in money

That was the headline in *Variety* when Sonny Werblin left show biz to concentrate on sports, and he's still taking big risks that pay off

A good gambler needs courage, flair and luck. David A. (Sonny) Werblin has all three. He has risked plenty on the legs of thoroughbreds and the knees of Namath, as well as on the personalities of stage, screen and television stars when he was head of the TV division of MCA, the largest talent agency in the country. His current star, and possibly his luckiest bet, is Silent Screen, a reddish-brown 2-year-old colt by Prince John out of Prayer Bell.

Comparing football players, with whom he had disappointing as well as successful experiences as one of the owners of the New York Jets, Werblin said recently, "In football your inventory can cause you trouble overnight. Players can have a fight with their wives or girl friends. They can stay out late, drinking. They can feud with each other. They can pop off and make controversial headlines. Silent Screen—he gets to bed early, gets up early, drinks water, keeps his mouth shut and does his work."

The colt has indeed done all that since he was a rather weak, ungainly weanling, bred in Putnam County, N.Y., and growing up on good Ohio hay and wheat germ. Werblin and his wife Leah, who race under the name of Elberon Farms, after an estate they used to own at Elberon, N.J., purchased Silent Screen for \$39,000 at the yearling sales in Saratoga in August 1968. In his first race at Saratoga last Aug. 1, he came second by a length after a game but green performance. He won a maiden special weights event a week later by 14 lengths, the rich Arlington-Washington Futurity at Chicago on Sept. 6 by eight lengths and the Cowdin at Belmont Park on Oct. 1 by half a length. And last Saturday at Belmont he captured the biggest prize offered in New York, winning the Champagne by a length over a field that included the best available 2-year-olds. After five races his total earnings are \$388,966. Werblin had to put up \$11,300 to run him in the Cham-

pagne as a supplementary entry, and the gamble paid off handsomely.

Breaking from the favorable outside post position in the 11-horse field, Silent Screen was sixth at the quarter-mile mark of the mile race, moved up in the backstretch, took the lead going into the stretch and held off the Wheatley Stable's Brave Emperor at the wire, John Rotz, who has ridden him in all his four victories but was not aboard in his one defeat, said candidly that the victory was not easy, and Trainer J. Bowes Bond felt that the slight injury the colt incurred in the Cowdin—when he stumbled at the start and nicked a heel—might have taken something out of him. Certainly it upset Silent Screen's training routine before the Champagne. Rotz thinks his charge can go a distance and is a potential Kentucky Derby horse, but Bond is reserving judgment. He hopes to run Silent Screen in the Garden State Stakes on Nov. 15 if he shows no ill effects from his hard run in the Champagne.

Sonny Werblin is an exuberant, nervous and gracious owner. He was biting his nails in the walking ring before the race, but afterward, in the winner's circle, his manner was the model of amiability. Werblin insists that he acquired his nickname in childhood, but some acquaintances still believe—or prefer—the story that it came from Al Johnson's hit song *Sower Boy*. Johnson, who loved the racetrack as much as the spotlight, was one of the first to take Werblin to the races. Mrs. Werblin, the former Leah Ray, was a vocalist with the Phil Harris orchestra and appeared in a Bob Hope movie at the time she met Sonny. She gives their horses show biz names. Their filly, Process Shot, is so called after a technical movie term. "Silent Screen" was arrived at in a roundabout manner. Mrs. Werblin was thinking of John Barrymore, the *Good Night, Sweet Prince* of the screen. The colt's sire was Prince John. And the mare, Prayer Bell, suggested silence.

After the victory the Werblins and Bowes Bond and his wife looked happily stunned as they accepted the trophy and a jeroboam of champagne. One could sense that they were dreamily sniffing a mélange of blue grass, bourbon and Derby roses, possibly to materialize next May.

ENO

Consumer Reports recently tested thirty-nine Bourbons.

You might be interested in the outcome.

Each of the Bourbons was graded on aroma, flavor, body and overall quality—by a completely objective and highly respected testing source.

They were all good Bourbons. Yet, when the results were in, something interesting had happened.

One Bourbon was so superior that it was put in a class by itself. Rated highest of all.

Seagram's Benchmark.

Frankly, we're not surprised. Because we know what goes into Benchmark.

We know the caring, real caring, by our craftsmen. Men who have the will to do a better job. And the skill to do it.

To the Bourbon drinker who appreciates truly great Bourbon, this news should be especially rewarding.

As you'll discover after you try:

Benchmark.

Seagram's Premium Bourbon.
Measure your Bourbon
against it.



Seagram's Benchmark, Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof.
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

What hath Volkswagen wrought this year?

A longer-lasting engine, that's what.

It's more powerful than the old engine. (Top speed-81 mph vs. 78 mph.)

It has better acceleration.

But most important, it doesn't have to work as hard to get you where you're going.

Thus, according to every calculation known to man, it will last even longer.

And just to make sure the engine and every other VW part leads a long, happy life, we have another surprise for 1970:

The Volkswagen Diagnostic Checkup.

Now before the name scores you away, listen to what it is:

VW Diagnosis is an exclusive free service checkup by trained technicians using special diagnostic equipment



The equipment is faster and more thorough than any mechanic's olive.

And it's so advanced, it can actually tell you you have a problem early, before it becomes a real problem.

For instance, let's say the resistance in one of your spark plug wires is too high.

Nothing serious, but it could reduce your gas mileage and eventually foul up your spark plugs.

During a Diagnostic Checkup, our equipment can find out and we can fix this problem in a matter of minutes.

When you buy a new VW, you're entitled to four of these advanced checkups free.

What could be a better deal than that?

You buy a bug.

We take care of the bugs.

**The
1970 VW
will stay
ugly
longer.**

The Game That Was: Part 2

A LIFE FOR TWO TOUGH



Bulldog Turner (left) and Sammy Baugh, who both started at Sweetwater High and ended as rugged ranchers, and Art Rooney, a winner with the horses but a loser with the Steelers, reflect on the lively days before pro football moved from its Golden Age to its Age of Gold

TEXANS

by Myron Cope



CONTINUED

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

BULLDOG TURNER (1940-1952: Chicago Bears)

It was mid-March, a crisp, sunny day in the rolling green countryside of central Texas. Out by the stable Clyde (Bulldog) Turner asked if I cared for a beer. Then he went behind the stable and plucked two cans of beer from the cool ground under a shade tree. The beer, although not cold, was sufficiently chilled to be refreshing. Owing to a touch of sugar that afflicts him, Bulldog had been warned by his doctor to abstain from alcohol, and so, in order to escape recommendations from his wife, he had found it convenient to store an occasional libation in the outdoors. A big, beefy man, Turner had paid the price that Texas summers extract from those who labor on the land. At 50, his skin was burnt, his thick, straight hair was faded silver and the backs of his hands were scuffed. He explained that mainly he breeds racehorses but that he also owns cattle, sheep and goats, though "not many of each." Agriculture, he went on, had not been prosperous in recent years. His modest 1,200-acre ranch had dwindled to 250 acres.

People in the countryside and in nearby Gatesville, a town of 3,000, in some cases knew him to have been a professional athlete, but they surmised that he had been a baseball player. The fact is that in 1941, only a year after he had turned pro with the Chicago Bears, he became the first man in nine years to defeat the great Mel Hein of the New York Giants as the NFL's All-League center. Men who played against Turner say that among his virtues must be ascribed exquisite stealth in the art of holding.

In the living room of the old house, built in 1900, he joined his wife Gladys, a handsome blonde from the Panhandle who in her youth surely must have been a great beauty. He chose an armchair, soberly forewarning me that he was certain his voice would sound ludicrous on my recording machine. He suggested I reconsider. Actually, his voice had the depth of a general's. His posture was ramrod straight, and his forearms rested authoritatively on the arms of the chair. I knew that I had wandered into the presence of a master storyteller.

First of all, I come from Yoakum County way out in West Texas, where my dad was a cowboy. He worked for big ranches. They had to be big to make a living, because that wasn't too good a country up there. No trees or nothing. I was born in a little cabin on a ranch in 1919, and when I was 3 or 4 we moved into a town called Plains. That was the only town in the county at that time, so naturally the courthouse was there. There wasn't even any town square. There wasn't enough town to go around any kind of square.

Up there in Plains, you went all the way from the first grade to graduation in the same school building, and of course there was no such thing as a football team. I didn't know anything about football till after we moved to Sweetwater. In 1932 my dad went over there and traded for

some property and started buying and selling cattle, and then he came back and got us.

It was my junior year when I first went to Sweetwater High. I noticed that some of the boys there had a big "S" on a knit sweater they wore, and that those boys got all the attention. So I decided that maybe I ought to get me one of those knit sweaters. I learned that the boys wearing 'em were football players. Well, I picked cotton after school most of that fall 'cause we needed the money, but finally I told my dad, "I'm going to quit picking cotton. I'm going out for football." He asked why, and I said, "I want to get me a sweater." That's all I wanted was that ol' slip-on knit sweater with a big ol' "S" on it.

Man, I went through many a rough hour to get that sweater. The first day I went on the field was the roughest day I ever spent on a football field. That includes college through pro. I had cleat marks all over my shins. There were 14 on the squad, the Sweetwater Mustangs, and I was the No. 1 substitute. I played every position except quarterback, I guess. Sammy Baugh was two years ahead of me at Sweetwater High, so that makes two of us from one school that made the Pro Football Hall of Fame. But Sammy had already gone when I started.

That year we had a lousy team. We won maybe a game or two out of the whole season, but I got my sweater, and in getting it I developed something that I didn't anticipate. I found that I loved to play football. So I was real fired up and looking forward to the next football season, but then they said I couldn't play anymore for the high school. I was 15, see, and I was supposed to have graduated. A lot of boys down here in Texas graduated young. Why I don't know. Anyway, I should have graduated, but the move from Plains to Sweetwater was such a big jump that I failed my first year at Sweetwater and I didn't graduate. I had to go another year. But they said I was ineligible for football.

That nearly run me crazy. I said, "Heck, I can't stand this." So I ran off from home. I ran off to see if I could get me a place on a college team. At that time I had an old cow, as I recall, and cows bring about \$8. I sold that cow and bought me some new gloves and a new coat, and I think I still had a good bit of money before I left. I hitchhiked around for a while, and then I went to Fort Worth and checked into a hotel. In those days you could get a room for \$1.50 a week, so I stayed there and went around to colleges within hitchhiking distance and told them, "I want to be an athlete." Every one of them turned me down. The trouble was, I had no reputation as a football player.

After I had been turned down by seven or eight colleges, I was pretty near out of money. So I headed for Lawton, Okla.—for Cameron State Agricultural College. I had heard they kind of took tramp athletes, so I said, "I'll make it to there." I had a dime and a candy bar in my pocket when I got out on the highway. A guy came by in a

great big ol' yellow roadster-type car, and he said, "You got any money to help me buy some gas?" I said, "No sir, 10¢ is all I've got left." He said, "Oh, well. I'll give you a ride anyway." So we didn't drive but about 40 or 50 miles till he pulled in a gas station and says, "Well, if you ain't got any money for gas, I believe I'll let you buy me a cigar." I told him, "I ain't got but that one dime, and if you want it I'll buy that much worth of gas." Then he said, "No. I believe I will let you buy me a cigar." And that fellow spent my last dime for a cigar. My candy bar was the last bite I had to eat for five days and five nights.

I'll tell you how country I was. I got up to Lawton, and I went in there and met the athletic director and the coach and all. I had been better than two days getting there. It was wintertime, and I was half frozen. The coach looked me over and said, "Son, why don't you come over to the cafeteria with us and have lunch?"

Well, that word cafeteria scared me to death. Never heard of it. Didn't know what a cafeteria was. So rather than expose my ignorance, I said, "No, thank you. I just ate before I came in." Which was a lie, because I hadn't eaten in two days. I felt so ignorant that I got out of there and headed for Wichita Falls.

I was two days getting to Wichita Falls, which made five days and five nights without a meal. In the morning I hitchhiked down as far as Throckmorton, and I was starving to death. I walked into a filling station, which also was kind of a grocery store, and I asked, "How much are them apples?" The man had some green apples there and, as I told you, I had bought me some new gloves when I left home and I wanted to find out what I could get most of for my gloves. I said, "I want to trade you my gloves for something to eat."

*All these who played against
him knew that Bulldog was a Bear*



The man said, "I'll trade you a sack of them apples for your gloves. They're 25¢ a sack."

That was a big old sack—I'd say half a bushel in there. Well, I was so hungry that I traded him the gloves and I tied into them apples. But I ate only about half an apple and I'm full. I hadn't eaten anything in so long that my stomach just drew up. And here I got the whole sack. So I was out there hitchhiking and carrying that sack of apples with me, and I thought, "I could have traded for something a lot easier to carry."

Finally a guy stopped and said, "Where you trying to get to?"

"I'm trying to get to Sweetwater," I said. I wanted to get home. "Well, I'm going to Sweetwater," he said. And he took me home. I had been gone three weeks. I walked in the house and Mama started crying.

I guess I looked real bad. I had lost a lot of weight and my eyes were sunk back. My dad laughed and said, "Well, it wasn't so great out there, you seeking your fortune." But I had been out there trying to get myself a scholarship because I wanted to play football. I didn't care about no fortune.

I guess you'd say my pro career really started one day in 1939 when I was a senior at Hardin-Simmons. We rode out to play Loyola of Los Angeles in Gilmore Stadium, Los Angeles, and it held about 20,000 people. Well, we had a sellout crowd. I mean, I never saw so many people in my life. Anyway, I had a super game against those Loyola guys, and boy, we smoked 'em. Now at that time George Richards, who owned the Detroit Lions, had a house in Los Angeles, and what happened, a guy phoned him at halftime and said, "George, you better come out here to the game. There's a guy you ought to be here watching." So when the game was over, George Richards was right there, and he said, "Would you be interested in playing pro football?"

I said, "You bet." And so George Richards said, "Well, I'd like to have you on my team, the Detroit Lions." I'd never heard of the Detroit Lions or anybody else, except I had seen a film on the Green Bay Packers. "We're going to see that you get to play with the Lions," George Richards told me.

When the time came George Richards told his head coach, Gus Henderson, to draft me No. 1. And he told me that if any of the other teams wrote to me about playing football, I should tell them I'm not interested. So when the draft came up, Detroit had about the third pick, but instead of picking me, Gus Henderson picked some quarterback that nobody ever heard of. Some guy named Doyle Nave from Southern California that never even showed up. Harry Wismer, who was the broadcaster for Detroit games at that time, told me later that he ran to the phone right quick and called George Richards and told him, "Gus Henderson didn't pick Bulldog Turner,

continued

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

and the Chicago Bears picked him." So George said, "I can't get anyone to run things the way I want them to," and he fired Gus Henderson.

Meantime, Richards didn't give up on me. He said, "You're still going to be with the Lions. You just tell the Bears you're not going to play pro football. I'll make you a coach at a high school out here in California for the first year, and after George Halas gives up on you, you come with the Lions."

So I went along with that, but then Halas invited me to fly up to Chicago on an expense-paid trip. Being the country boy that I was, I had never been on an airplane before, so I couldn't say no. It took all day to fly to Chicago then. George and his wife met me at the airport, which George Halas don't do normally. But I didn't sign a contract. I was grateful for the trip, but I kind of strung Halas along, you might say. However, Richards found out I went up there, and he was mad.

He came down to Abilene, Mr. Richards himself did, and registered incognito. Now I had a friend on the newspaper, Hershell Schooley, and I told Hershell, "George Richards that owns the Detroit Lions is in town and he wants to talk to me tonight." Well, you can't tell a newspaperman secrets. Hershell said, "I'm going with you," and carried a pad and pencil. We went up there to the room, and Mr. Richards came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around him and he said, "Who is this?" I said, "This is Hershell Schooley, a reporter." Richards said, "A reporter!" And man, he hit the ceiling. He said, "I've come all the way from California incognito, and you bring a newspaperman here?" Hershell said, "Why you old s.o.b.," and I had to step in and cool the smoke down. Anyway, we finally worked it out that Mr. Richards was going to send me \$100 a month until something happened on the high school coaching job. But real soon after that I asked them to quit sending me the \$100. Mr. Richards promised me the world, and I'm sure he would have kept his promise, but I signed with the Bears. I didn't want to lay out a year.

Then the league found out that George Richards had been trying to get me, and they fined him \$5,000 for tampering with me after I was drafted by the Bears. They said Mr. Richards had spent \$500 getting my teeth fixed. Well, that wasn't the truth. He never spent anything on my teeth. He sold his ball club and got out of football, and it was an injustice, because he had never spent a nickel on my teeth.

Here was George Halas' method of operation in practice. First he'd say, "Give me a center!" Then he'd say, "Bausch!" He'd say, "Give me two guards!" Then he'd say, "Fortmann and Musso!" Well, the first time I heard Halas say, "Give me a center!" I didn't wait for nothing more and ran out there and got over the ball. I noticed he looked kind of funny at me, but I didn't think anything

about it. I found out later that Pete Bausch was the center—a big, broad, mean ol' ballplayer, a real nice German from Kansas. But all I knew was George had drafted me No. 1 and I had signed a contract to play center, and I thought when it came time to line up I should be at center. From the beginning I was overendowed with self-confidence. I feared no man. So I just went out there and got over that ball, and I was there ever since. They didn't need Pete no more.

I was such a good blocker that the men they put in front of me—and some of them were stars that were supposed to be making a lot of tackles—they would have their coaches saying, "Why ain't you making any tackles?" They'd say, "That bum Turner is holding!" Well, that wasn't true. I held a few, but I was blocking them, too. I used to think I could handle anybody that they'd put in front of me.

One guy I remember was big Ed Neal. There in the late 1940s he played at Green Bay, and by this time they had put in the 5-4 defense. They put the biggest, toughest guy they had right in front of the center, and I was expected to block him either way, according to which way the play went. Well, Ed Neal weighed 303 pounds stripped. His arms was as big as my leg and just as hard as that table. He could tell when I was going to center the ball, and he'd get right over it and hit me in the face. You didn't have a face guard then, and so Ed Neal broke my nose seven times. Yes, that's right. No—he broke my nose five times. I got it broke seven times, but five times he broke it.

Anyway, I got where I'd center that ball and duck my head, so then he started hitting me on top of the headgear. He would beat hell out of my head. We had those headgears that were made out of composition of some kind—some sort of fiber—and I used to take three of them to Green Bay. Those headgears would just crack when he'd hit 'em—they'd just ripple across there like lightning had struck them. So there one day, every time Neal went by me I'd grab him by the leg, and I began to get him worried. He said, "You s.o.b., quit holding me!" I said, "If you'll quit hitting me on the head, I'll quit holding you." And Neal said, "That's a deal, 'cause I ain't making no tackles." So the second half of that game we got along good, and later I got Halas to trade for him.

Actually, the first guy who convinced me that I couldn't handle anybody I ever met was Bill Willis, who played for Cleveland, and I was on my way down then. They called him The Cat. He was skinny and he didn't look like he should be playing middle guard, but he would jump right over you. Now he might not enjoy my saying this, him being colored and maybe taking it the wrong way, but I'll tell you—the only way I could block him was I'd squat and when he tried to jump over me I'd come up and catch him. Every time, my nose would be right in his armpit—and later I'd tell my wife, "Damn, Gladys, that man per-

continued

The Anti-Tuesday League.

We were shocked to learn that certain prominent parties are reported to have formed the International Anti-Tuesday League.

We know little about it, except that petitions are already circulating in Altoona, Ankara, Lisbon, Ft. Worth, Djibouti and Council Bluffs.



Why on earth? Our modest claim to Tuesday (every Tuesday) as the day for drinking Teacher's Scotch leaves six perfectly good days for the rest to share.

We trust you will sign nothing without reading the small print and will encourage any League member who comes to your door to forget all this foolishness and pick a day of his own. Wednesday, anyone?

Teacher's Scotch

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

spires. I can't stand it." But that guy was a football player, and don't think he wasn't. Oh, he was a war horse, that Willis.

To show you how I got off to a pretty fair start in pro ball, in 1940 when I was a rookie we won the championship, and that was the famous time we beat Washington 73-0 in the championship game. And I'll tell you how that got started.

Clark Shaughnessy was one of our coaches, see, and Clark Shaughnessy to me is the most brilliant football man that ever lived. Anyway, Washington had just beaten us a couple of weeks before, and so when it came time to play the championship game, Shaughnessy gave us a little lecture. He drew up a play and he said, "This play's gonna work." He told us his reasons, and we were convinced the play was gonna work. Then he said, "Now, then, if it *ain't*, here'll be the reasons why. And I'll give you another play that *will* work." Well, by the time he finished, all you had to do was open the door. We were ready, 'cause, really, he had us convinced that that first play was gonna do it and if it didn't the other one would. It was an off-tackle play, the first one, and you know, the funny thing about it, the play didn't work at all. At least, not the first time we used it.

Bill Osmanski was carrying the ball, and there wasn't no hole anywhere. So he started backing up, and he slipped way out around the end and headed down the sideline. That was our first play of the game, and it went 68 yards for a touchdown and we went on to kill those guys. We got so much publicity from the game that later all Bill Osmanski wanted to do was run up into the line and then slide out and go around end. I got where I was disgusted with him because he wouldn't run Clark Shaughnessy's play the way it was supposed to be run.

In that Washington game we scored so many times and kicked so many extra points that we started running out of footballs. The extra points were going into the stands, see? Well, after one of those touchdowns, Bob Snyder comes in from the bench and says to me, "Coach said to make a bad pass from center. He said we don't want to kick any more points because we're losing too many footballs." I think it was Snyder who was going to hold for that next extra point, but anyway, I said to him, "I'm going to put that ball right back in your hands, and if you don't want it, drop it. But I'm not going to make a bad pass." So I centered it back there, and he just turned it loose and let it lay on the ground. I don't remember who was kicking—we had a lot of guys kicking extra points that day—but whoever it was, damn if he didn't kick it up through there and lose another ball.

I don't know if you want to put this in your book, and I don't care if you do, but I originated the draw play, along with a lot of other plays. I discovered the draw play because Buckets Goldenberg, who played for Green Bay, could read our quarterback, Sid Luckman, real well. Some-

how he could tell when Sid was going to pass. As soon as that ball was snapped, Buckets Goldenberg would pull back and start covering the pass. So I said, "Let's fake a pass and give the ball to the fullback and let him come right up here where I am, 'cause there's nobody here but me." The next year we put that play in, and it averaged 33 yards a try. The fullback would run plumb to the safety man before they knew he had the ball.

I also originated a play that got me even with Ed Neal for beating my head off. I said to Halas one day, "You can run somebody right through there, 'cause Ed Neal is busy whipping my head." I suggested that we put in a sucker play—we called it the 32 sucker—where we double-teamed both of their tackles and I would just relax and let Neal knock me on my back and fall all over me. It'd make a hole from here to that fireplace. Man, you could really run through it, and we did all day. Later Ralph Jones, who had once been a Bears coach and was coaching a little college team, told me he brought his whole team down to watch the Bears play the Packers that day, and he had told them, "Boys, I want you to see the greatest football player that ever lived, Bulldog Turner. I want you to watch this man on every play and see how he handles those guys." But of Ralph didn't know about that sucker play, and later he said to me, "Damn if you wasn't flat on your back all day!"

Did you know I got a 48-yard average running with the ball? You bet I do. I knew everybody's assignments and could play every position on the field. One time in Pittsburgh we got in a fight and two or three of our players got kicked out, leaving us shorthanded, and Halas let me go in and play halfback. Gene Konzani, our quarterback that time, called a real fancy play named Twenty-two Behind. I come on up through that line with the ball and just kept plowing my way and finally got out in the open and scored. It was a 48-yard run, and that's the only time I ran from scrimmage. Walt Kiesling was the Pittsburgh coach at that time, and he was mad. He thought we were making jest of him by using me at halfback, but we weren't. We had run out of players, that's all. After I scored that touchdown, Halas put me back in safety to field a Pittsburgh punt, and I caught the ball and did a little decoy and started up the sidelines. I went right over next to their bench and got tackled. And as I was laying there, Kiesling come up and kicked me right in the butt just as hard as you ever saw. He thought we were making fun of him, and boy, he let me have it. It was a very unsportsmanlike thing to do.

I never did save any money out of football. I never could save enough money to buy a place. I'd buy one, then have to pay it out. I always owed a lot of money. Some of our guys had good jobs in the off season. They'd go to work for somebody that wanted to hire them because they were players. But I never did capitalize on being a football player. I always came back to Texas in

continued

'70 Mercury Cyclone GT.

Password for action with the accent on action.

Mercury Cyclone GT is the street machine that looks race-ready. With unique running lamps, concealed headlights, sporty hood scoop, hi-back buckets, remote control outside mirror, and a 351 cubic-inch V-8 engine. If this isn't enough action for you, come give our other Cyclones a whirl. One's an unusually low-priced

model with an action-hungry 429 cu. in. V-8. Then there's our competition-set Cyclone Spoiler, with aerodynamic spoilers front and rear, CJ 429 ram air V-8, Hurst Shifter®, heavy-duty running gear—the works. Mercury Cyclones—the intermediates with the accent on action. See them at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer's.



MERCURY. PASSWORD FOR ACTION IN THE 70'S.

MERCURY CYCLONE



Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

That's it. Don't spoil her. Make sure she earns her Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GOVERNOR GENERAL
OF CANADA
HIS MAJESTY'S SUPPLY
VINTAGE 1984
VAL D'ORVILLE CANADA



Photographed at Point Grey, Idaho, site of the annual Logger's Festival

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

the off season and practiced poverty. But I liked it here and I got a lot of happiness out of coming back. I can't regret doing it.

Anyway, I had me some great times, and along that line I'll tell you just one more story. I believe this was about 1946 or '47. We were playing in Washington against Sammy Baugh, who was in a class by himself. I think Joe Namath is the first that's come along that can throw the ball like Sammy. Anyway, Sammy fired a pass, and I intercepted it on our three-yard line. I started weaving up that field and picking up blockers. First thing I know, I'm about out in the clear and I got up a head of steam. I'm coming down that sideline, getting my blockers and weaving around. I finally decided I'd just dart over to my left, and I did. About that time somebody hit me in the back of the head and jumped on me. Well, it was Sammy Baugh. He was on my back and I was carrying him. I carried him for about seven yards, and I got the ball over the goal line and I looked up and said, "Sammy, I can outrun you, I know that. How did you get back there?"

And he said, "Well, Bulldog. You just cut back one time too many."

Now that's the truth. It shows in the films. I went 97 yards for a touchdown, the last seven with Sammy Baugh from Sweetwater High on my back.

ART ROONEY (1933-) Owner, Pittsburgh Steelers)

The down-to-earth, word-loving, last-hurrah millionaire president of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Arthur J. Rooney is one of the supreme contradictions in sport. Perhaps the most successful horseplayer America has ever known—he is said to have won a quarter of a million dollars on a single day—he is professional football's champion loser. In 35 years his team has never earned so much as a divisional title. His span of defeat is enormous: he had both Johnny Blood and Johnny Unitas, but one when he was past his prime and the other when he had hardly begun. Like George Halas, Rooney once played as a pro himself. His team was called Hope-Harvey. He founded it, owned it, coached it and even half-backed it against the likes of Jim Thorpe and the Canton Bulldogs. Sometimes he was a winner in his Hope-Harvey days, but then. . .

In 1933 I paid \$2,500 for a National Football League franchise, which I named the Pirates because the Pittsburgh baseball team was called the Pirates. It wasn't until 1940, when we held a contest for a new name, that we became the Steelers. Joe Carr's girlfriend—Joe's been our ticket manager right along—his girlfriend won the contest. There were people who said, "That contest don't look like it was on the level."

I bought the franchise because I figured it would be good to have a league schedule and that eventually professional football would be a big sport. The reason I bought

at that particular time was that we knew Pennsylvania was going to repeal some of its blue laws, which had prevented Sunday football. The laws were changed, but a couple of days before our opening game the mayor phoned me and said, "I got a complaint here from a preacher that this game should not be allowed. The blue-law repeal hasn't been ratified yet by the city council."

"Well," I said, "I certainly never heard of this thing, ratification."

Nobody else had heard anything about it either, until the preacher brought it up. The mayor told me he didn't know what I could do about it, but that I should go see a fellow named Harmar Denny, who was director of public safety and over the police department. I went to Denny and I said, "We're in the big leagues now. We can't have a thing like this happen to our opening game." But this Denny was pretty much of a straitlaced guy. All he would say was that he was going away for the weekend. "Good," I told him. "You go away." Then I went to see the superintendent of police, a man named McQuade, and told him my problem.

"Oh, that there's ridiculous," he said. "Give me a couple of tickets and I'll go to the game Sunday. That'll be the last place they'll look for me if they want me to stop the thing." So McQuade had out at the game, and Pittsburgh got started in the NFL.

We didn't draw many people in those days. The colleges got most of the publicity. In Pittsburgh, the University of Pittsburgh was the big wheel. They'd draw 30,000 people, maybe 35,000, while we'd draw 3,000. So in 1938 I did something I thought would bring a little class to the game. I signed Whizzer White out of Colorado University for a salary of \$15,800, which was the highest salary pro football was paying at the time. White was very hard to sign. I don't remember what the last \$800 was for—whether it was for exhibition games, or because he had a Rhodes scholarship and needed the eight to go to Oxford, or what. Anyhow, the 15 got pro football a lot publicity, and of course White was an asset to the sport, an extremely high-class fellow, as you might judge from his going on to become a Supreme Court Justice. But I caught plenty of heat from some of the other owners about White's salary. A lot of them thought we were out of line. George Richards of Detroit said it was terrible paying White that kind of money. George Marshall phoned me from Washington and said, "What are you trying to do?" I told him I thought it was a great thing for professional football to get someone like White to play the game, which I did believe. Everybody on the team respected White highly. If he had been big-headed he could have got himself in a lot of trouble, but he was a fine back, and he was right with the boys. So we didn't mind paying him the highest salary in football.

The biggest mistake I've made was that although I understood the football business as well as anybody in the

continued

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

league, I didn't pay the attention to it that some of the other owners did. I let my coaches have a free hand, and it didn't work. The year we signed White, our coach was John Blood. I still believe that John Blood could have been a tremendous coach if he would have just paid attention. We once played a game in Los Angeles and John missed the train home. John was known to enjoy a good time, of course, so we didn't see him the whole week. On Sunday he stopped off in Chicago to see his old team, the Green Bay Packers, play the Bears. The newspaper guys asked him, "How come you're not with your team?" And John said, "Oh, we're not playing this week." Well, no sooner did he get those words out of his mouth than the guy on the loudspeaker announced a score: Philadelphia 14, Pittsburgh 7. You really couldn't depend on John a whole lot.

It's an entirely different life today. The atmosphere used to be more enjoyable among the owners. Although they fought a lot, they were a lot closer to one another than they are now. The league meetings to set a schedule were really something, day and night for maybe a whole week. Everybody tried to get the best schedule. You'd want the teams that drew the biggest crowds. But early in the season you'd want the teams you could beat, so you could start off winning. The owners who had staying power, who were willing to stick in that room day and night arguing, they wound up with the best schedules. The guys who got tired and went home, they got murdered. One time we worked two or three days getting a schedule up there on the blackboard, but when it was just about done, George Marshall got sore. He went up to the board and wiped it all out. We had to go back to work for two more days, because nobody had copied down the schedule.

Even when you got a schedule set it might change a little. Back in 1938 a fellow named Tom Lipscomb owned the Cleveland club. Cleveland was supposed to play us in Pittsburgh, but we canceled the game because of bad weather. Well, we really canceled it because there weren't going to be any customers there. This fellow Lipscomb hollered and screamed and yelled that I had to play the game. So then I had to find a place to play where we could draw a crowd. Lipscomb said, "Play it in Knoxville, Tennessee. That's my home town." I told him, "People are not going to come out to see you play."

So I'm looking around when a friend of mine named Joe Engle, who was a big shot in minor league baseball, mentions a guy by the name of Walmsley to me. Knowing something about politics, I knew who Walmsley was. He had been mayor of New Orleans until Huey Long knocked him out of the box. I also knew that a guy named Maestri was now mayor of New Orleans and was a fantastic political leader. As soon as Joe Engle brought up Walmsley's name and gave me his phone number, I got on the phone. I said to Walmsley, "If we bring this big pro-

fessional football game to New Orleans, will Maestri get behind it?" I knew that if Maestri told the people, "Go!" they went. "Oh, positively. Maestri will positively get behind the game," Walmsley said.

So I gave Cleveland the extra expenses to go to New Orleans, and we took the game there. Well, when I got down to New Orleans I accidentally ran into a couple of priests who were teaching at Loyola, and I asked if they were going to the game. They said, "What game?" They said, "Nobody in New Orleans knows about it. It must be a secret." Right away I went to Walmsley and told him, "I want to meet Maestri."

So I visited Maestri and I took Whizzer White with me. I figured Maestri might not have heard of me but everybody had heard of Whizzer White. Maestri and I talked a little bit, but right then and there I knew I was dead, because not only didn't Maestri ever hear of me or know I owned the Pittsburgh club, he never heard of White either. In fact, he kept getting everything confused. He thought we were a college team that had come down to play against Tulane.

On the day of the game I'm sitting with Walmsley in the Sugar Bowl, and nobody's there. Walmsley keeps telling me, "Oh, don't worry about it. Everybody comes late to a football game down here." Well, I'd been listening to that kind of stuff as long as I'd been a promoter. I said, "There's nobody going to show up here." And nobody did. The place was empty. To top it off, Cleveland beat us and the New Orleans police called me at the hotel that night and informed me they'd punched three or four of my ballplayers for kicking over some garbage cans. I told the sergeant, "We got a train out of here at 9 in the morning. You keep 'em till it's time for them to get on the train."

We've had a lot of great ballplayers, you know. Just think of the quarterbacks. We've had Sid Luckman, Earl Morrall, Len Dawson, Jackie Kemp, Bill Nelsen. I'd say we were experts on quarterbacks at Pittsburgh. We had them all, and we got rid of every one of them. We had Johnny Unitas in for a tryout, but our coach then, Walter Kiesling, let him go. Kies said, "He can't remember the plays. He's dumb." You had to know Kies. He was a great coach, but he thought a lot of ballplayers were dumb. We were arguing about a guy one day, and I said, "I don't care how dumb he is. He can run and he can pass and he can block. If he can do those three things, he don't have to be a Rhodes scholar." But all Kies said to that was, "He's dumb."

Over the years it's been one thing or another. It's bad that we've never won a championship. I feel terrible about it. There isn't anyone in professional football who hurts as much as I do. But what am I going to do about it? I think my whole mistake was letting my coaches have too free a hand. I'm positively sure that had I run my team like George Marshall ran his Washington club we would

continued



FOLKS OFTEN ASK who takes the pictures for Jack Daniel's. Well, meet Joe Clark.

That's him, with the cameras round his neck, talking with the boys in our rickyard. Joe was born and raised right here in our Tennessee hills. So we're as happy to have him visit at Jack Daniel's as he is to come. Now if you're wondering if Joe has anything to do with making our whiskey, the answer is no. But he's taken so many pictures of the way we do it, we just thought we'd pull a switch and take one of him.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

⬇
DROP

⬇
BY DROP

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

have won some championships. I was able. I was competent. Well, I can't change now. I'm too old. But I'm sure not crying. Who's interested in a loser's alibis?

SAMMY BAUGH (1937-1952: Washington Redskins)

Although professional football has been intensely souped up since his time, Singin' Sammy Baugh's name still appears in the record book in more than a dozen places. Starting in 1937, he lasted 16 years (only one less than Lou Groza, who owed some of his record longevity to being a placekicking specialist) and is held by many to have been the finest passer of his or any other time. In one season (1945) he completed 70.3% of his passes. In addition, his leg was as potent as his arm, he holds almost every punting record in the book. But above all, he gave to pro football a radical concept that he had learned from his college coach at Texas Christian, Dutch Meyer—namely, that the forward pass could be more than just a surprise weapon or a desperation tactic. Sammy Baugh made the pass a routine scrimmage play.

On a vast plain in West Texas, an hour north of Sweetwater, Baugh lives at the foot of Double Mountain, which in the dusk of late winter wears a grayish cast, rising out of the flatland like two great mounds orphaned from an alien topography. The ranch house, comfortable but inexpensively furnished, holds Baugh's substantial holdings, for he now runs his cattle on 25,000 acres. He came to the door wearing blue jeans and a Western-style shirt of country-store quality. There was a Gary Cooper flavor to his appearance. Six feet two and rawboned, he was a leathery man with hips that were remarkably lean. At 55 he weighed only 170 pounds—at least five pounds under his football weight. His hands were immense and obviously powerful. Not incongruously—and perhaps this was partly because he wore bedroom slippers—he walked with the sort of swishing gait associated with choraz boys. In the mind's eye, one again could see him dropping back to pass, his legs juggling comically as though controlled by marionette strings. Baugh seated himself on the living-room sofa and placed a large mug on the coffee table in front of him, from time to time raising the mug to his face and shooting a squirt of tobacco into it. His language was direct, yet somehow not the least harsh or bellicose. On the contrary, he seemed a gentle man, almost diffident, and he spoke in a barely audible voice, although now and then, when a thought struck him funny, his voice would rise, his face would fold into a hundred merry wrinkles and his mouth would be parted by an almost toothless guffaw.

The thing that hurt when I first came into pro football in 1937, and it hurt all the boys that threw the ball, was that the rules didn't give any protection to passers. Those linemen could hit the passer until the whistle blew. If you completed a pass out there and somebody's running 50 yards

with the ball, well, that bunch could still hit you. In other words, a passer had to learn to throw and move. You would never see him just throw and stand there looking. You had to throw and start protecting yourself, because those linemen were going to lay you flatter than the ground every time.

If you were a good ballplayer—a passer or whatever—they tried to hurt you and get you out of there. I believe they did that more so than today. We had only 22 or 23 men on a squad, and your ballplayers were playing both ways—offense and defense—so if you lost two good ones, you were dead. Well, every now and then they'd run what they called a "bootse" play, and everybody'd hit one man and just try to tear him to pieces. The object was to get him out of there. I don't mean they ran this kind of play very often, but if they came up against a guy that was giving them a lot of trouble, along would come the bootse.

Like I said, the passers never could relax after they threw the ball. Nowadays, if a guy is not already in the act of hitting you when that ball goes in the air, he's not allowed to hit you. But back there when I started in pro ball, it was just like a boxing match—you were dodging and ducking and hitting. "Put that passer on the ground," was a cardinal rule all through the league.

My first year with the Redskins, George Marshall told me, "If we don't get some kind of a rule in, all the passers are gonna get killed." The first game of my second year, I went down under a pile and got a shoulder knocked out—a separation. I guess it was my third year, 1939, that we finally got the rule protecting the passer.

continued



For 16 years Baugh passed and kicked his Redskins to success

One day we catch a thief. The next day we fly a plane.



We're synergistic. Searching through mugshots for a fingerprint or identification wastes time that can allow a criminal to get away. Our Remington Rand division manufactures the Remstar Video Lektriever System that can find the one right file out of millions in seconds.

Sperry, our first name, is also the name of the automatic flight system that keeps more planes on course than any other.

We do a lot of things at Sperry Rand. And we do each one better because we do all the rest.

 **SPERRY RAND™**

Wait till you see
what we do tomorrow.

New Holland • Remington • Remington Rand • Sperry • Univac • Vickers

Registered trademarks of Sperry Rand.

Your next car should have this much class

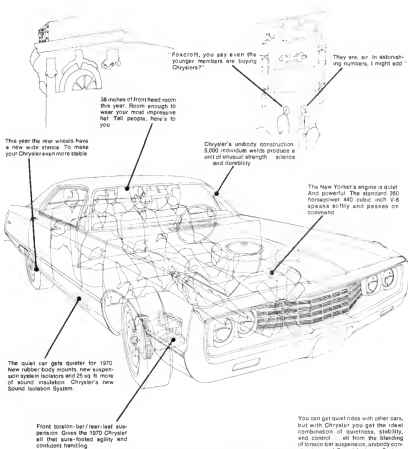


CHRYSLER



CHRYSLER
MOTOR CORPORATION

...with this much quiet authority.



Your next car: 1970 Chrysler
with Torsion-Quiet Ride

When an antique plane is the first of your birthday gifts, the shoe that fits the mood is the chisel toe slip-on by **Johnston & Murphy**



When your custom shaped sportcoat has that '70 overfold, the shoe that lives up to your spirit is the Rodin mark strap slip-on in black or brown glazed calf, \$47.50. At America's finest stores Johnston & Murphy. "The Shoe With a Memory". Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco® Everything to wear.

The fun goes in before the label goes on this bolder, livelier premium beer.

It's all there waiting for you in every glass of Meister Bräu Premium you pour. A bigger, bolder, livelier taste that comes through in a crisp, clean-cut, modern way. We brew it as we brew all our beer: with the finest, most costly grades of ingredients... with more care and patience... and with great pride in our long heritage of brewing fine beers since 1838. This is the beer that's fun to be with. Make your next can or bottle Meister Bräu Premium.



Meister Bräu gives you more
of what you drink beer for.



Meister Bräu Inc., Chicago and Toledo © 1949

The No. 1 family of quality beers.



"I'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

The Taste of Success

Every drop of Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve is Grande Fine Champagne Cognac. It's made solely from grapes grown in La Grande Champagne—the small district in the Cognac region which is the source of the very greatest Cognac. What's more, Hennessy is selected from the largest reserves of aged Cognacs in existence. Enjoy a taste of success today...

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve Cognac



Hennessy V.S.O.P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac 40 Proof Produced in France



JVC makes color television a whole new ballgame.

No more dull, faded images. No more out-of-register reds or blurry blues. Color television has at last come of age, through JVC engineering. Now you get color so vivid and so dramatic it's like having a seat on the 50.

Look at the 7408, for example, a handsome table model with a full 180 square inch viewing area. Sensitive dipole and loop antennas give you all-channel reception. Automatic Scene Control gives rare depth and tone even to background scenery, and an Automatic Degaussing Circuit provides for unchallenged

sharpness whether you're watching black and white or color programming.

The handsome model 7438 has all the same advantages and the same large viewing area, plus an advanced AFC circuit, while the popular portable 7208, weighing in at just 40.2 lbs., lets you catch the big events wherever you are. Write JVC America for the name of the JVC dealer nearest you, and get back in the ballgame.



Catching On Fast

JVC

JVC America, Inc. • 50 35, 56th Road, Maspath, New York, N.Y. 11378 A Subsidiary of Victor Company of Japan, Limited, Tokyo, Japan

We do something they don't do.



We put our imported Canadian O.F.C. in a sparkling Dominion teardrop bottle. All year round. They don't.

We seal it with a cork. Like vintage wine. Rare brandy. They don't.

We taste-test it 120 times a day. Before it's barrelled. During blending.

Our mellow, imported Canadian is something special. From the top, down.

And that's something worth remembering.

Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada. 6 years old. 86.8 proof. © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

Another thing that helped men like me was the T formation. I had played seven years of tailback in the single wing and it about killed me; blocking on the end, carrying the ball a few times, stuff like that. I weighed only 175 or maybe 178. After every game my shoulder would ache. Still, when Mr. Marshall decided to go to the T formation in 1944, I didn't like it at all. Marshall brought in Clark Shaughnessy to teach us the T, and that year we were the most uncomfortable ball club you ever saw. The blocking was all different. In the single wing you had a lot of double-teaming and stuff like that, but in the T you had single blocking—man-on-man blocking. And taking that ball from center, handing it to somebody, faking it some—that was very uncomfortable for me. Shaughnessy had been with the Bears, and he told me that when he started teaching the T to Sid Luckman, Sid actually cried over the thing. It was hard for him, but he developed into a real good T quarterback. So Shaughnessy told me, "Don't worry about it—it'll come to you gradually and you'll love it under there." Sure enough, after about half the season was gone I wouldn't have gone back to the single wing for anything.

Pro football was changing by then. Back in the '30s it was more of a defensive game. In other words, when you picked your starters, they usually had to be good on defense first. Take the New York Giants. They had such a good defensive ball club that they wouldn't mind punting to you on third down from practically anywhere. They'd kick the ball to you 'cause they didn't think you were ever going to move it.

Not that I disapproved of kicking. When I was a boy in Sweetwater, I used to practice more kicking than I did throwing, really. Punting was a very important thing then. But we kicked different than they do now. We were taught to kick out of bounds all the time. If you didn't the safety man would run the ball back down your throat. The reason was your offensive line couldn't cover a punt like it does today. We had that short punt formation where you kicked from only nine yards back, so your boys didn't release till they heard the thud of the ball. Today, with the deep punt formation, the center throws the ball back and everybody hits and goes. Well, in the summertime I used to go up on the football field by myself and kick for hours. I'd kick at those sidelines and then run down and get the ball and kick it back. And especially after I got to TCU. I got where I could kick the ball out of bounds inside the five- or the 10-yard line pretty good.

I had played baseball all my life, and that's what I wanted to be in the beginning—a professional baseball player. A fellow I played semipro ball with was going to get me a baseball scholarship to Washington State University, but I hurt my knee about a month afore I was supposed to go. I was sliding into second base and caught a spike and tore up the cartilage. Well, if it'd happened today they'd operate, but back in those days they didn't know much

about knees. The doctor told me to use a mudpack. I put a mudpack with vinegar on my knee. But I couldn't straighten it out, and the scholarship to Washington State fell through.

Dutch Meyer told me he'd get me a job and help me through TCU if I'd come there and play baseball and football and basketball, the whole thing. So that's where I went. My freshman and sophomore years at TCU, we taped that knee all the time. But I never did have real good movement, and finally I told them I wasn't going to tape the knee anymore. So we just quit taping the thing, and it never did bother me the rest of the time I was there.

In the spring of my last year, 1937, George Marshall brought me to Washington and offered me \$4,000 to play with the Redskins. Now down here in Texas, no one knew anything about pro football. They didn't even know what it was. I didn't know if I could make it in pro football, and since Dutch Meyer had offered me a job as freshman coach, I told Mr. Marshall I thought I was going to stay in Texas and coach. See, I still wanted to be a baseball player, but I wanted a coaching job to fall back on.

Anyway, the summer after I got out of college I went to Chicago to play in the College All-Star football game against Green Bay. I talked with the rest of the boys on the All-Star squad and found that a bunch of them were going to play pro football. I found that most of them were just like me—that they hadn't been out of the country too often themselves—and that I could play ball better than 99% of them. So I became more confident. As it turned out, we beat Green Bay, and then Mr. Marshall got after me pretty hot.

I didn't know how much pro players were making, but I thought they were making pretty good money. So I asked Mr. Marshall for \$8,000, and I finally got it. Later I felt like a robber when I found out what Cliff Battles and some of those other good players were making. I'll tell you what the highest-priced boy in Washington was getting the year before—not half as much as \$8,000! Three of them—Cliff Battles, Turk Edwards and Wayne Miller—got peanuts, and all of 'em in the Hall of Fame now. If I had known what they were getting I'd have never asked for \$8,000.

Marshall always treated me fair. If he ever told me something I could depend on it. But he was hard on a lot of players. Cliff Battles led the league in ground-gaining a few years afore I got there, and when I got there he led the league for the second time. He had a knack of following his blockers better than any man I'd seen at that time. He could run punts back, catch passes—he was just a real good athlete. Everybody in the league liked him. Anyway, he wanted a raise from \$2,750 to \$3,000, as I recall. Marshall wouldn't give it to him. So Cliff said, "Well, I'm quitting then." He had a lot of ball left in him, but he quit. [Battles, now a General Electric executive, says the disputed

continued

TWO TOUGH TEXANS continued

figure was something in the \$4,000 range. Marshall not only refused the raise, Battles remembers, he accused Columbia University of stealing his employee when Battles was hired there as an assistant coach, and three years later—after the Redskins had just lost the 73-0 game to the Bears—charged Battles with selling Redskin plays to Chicago. It was years before the two men were cordial again.]

The fact is, most men played pro football in those days because they liked football. A lot of players today say they only play for the money, but even now, it's not all money. I don't care if salaries went back down, they'd still play. Of course, nobody was making a lot of money out of football in the '30s. That's why I'll always think a lot of Marshall and George Halas and Art Rooney and those kind of people—they stayed in there when it was rough. They made a great game out of it. I went with the Redskins the year Marshall moved them from Boston to Washington, and in Boston he had lost money every year—all five years. But it was more fun than it is now.

Of all the years I played for Washington, the early ones were the best. In the first nine years, we played in the championship game five times. And, you know, the best group of boys we ever had was the team that got beaten 73-0 by the Bears in that 1940 championship game. I figured we were about the same kind of ball club as the Bears were, getting right down to it.

I've got my own ideas about what happened in that championship game, and I don't know whether they'd be right or not, but I think it starts with the fact that we had played the Bears three weeks earlier and had beat them 7-3. Boy, it hurt 'em. Leaving the field, both teams had to go down the same steps, and I remember some of those Bears were crying. Oh, they were cut to pieces. Their pride was hurt bad. I remember Bulldog Turner coming down those steps and saying, "You just remember one thing—we'll be back in three weeks."

The week of the championship game the weather was so bad in Chicago that I believe the Bears had to work inside all the time. They couldn't get as much work in, probably, as they wished they could have. In the meantime, we had beautiful weather in Washington, where the game was going to be played, and we worked like we were in training camp. We worked like dogs, I'm telling you the truth. But I think we left a lot of our football on the practice field. Mentally we weren't ready. So they beat us 73-0. But I remember the next time we played 'em in a championship game. That was two years later, and we won 14-6.

Over the years, George Marshall changed coaches pretty often, and by 1949 I already was playing for my fifth pro coach. We had a few fellows that were pretty good rounders, so Marshall hired a coach named Admiral Whelchel. He had coached at Navy and was a retired admiral, and Marshall thought the admiral would put a lot of dis-

cipline in the ball club. Well, he showed up, and he looked like anything but an admiral. He was just a kind of average-looking guy, not very impressive. And the funny thing was, he turned out to be a real nice fellow. All the players liked him, although he wasn't as up on his football as he should have been. I remember Harry Gilmer was just a young quarterback at that time, and in an exhibition game he quarterbacked the team down to practically the goal line. Then he sneaked that football over for a touchdown. Coming home from the game, the admiral got out a pencil and paper and must have spent hours showing Harry why he shouldn't have used the quarterback sneak. He showed him all kind of mathematics about weight and momentum and everything—I don't know what all. He spent a long time talking to Harry, and Harry went along with it, although he had scored on the play.

One day—I think it was our first league game that year—the Chicago Cardinals were clobbering us. We must have been down 30 points and it was the start of the fourth quarter, and I was sitting on the bench thinking, "Well, at least I'm going to have an easy day from here in." But that admiral was *fierce*. The Cardinals were just whipping us, but he thought that we was still going to beat 'em. He came over to me and said, "Sam, you better get back in there afore this thing gets out of hand."

Not long after that, Marshall started trying to coach the ball club, himself. We had two-platoon ball by then, and Marshall told the admiral that he had his ball club figured out all wrong—that he ought to have the defensive line being the offensive line and the offensive line ought to be on defense. Marshall told this to the admiral on the train coming home from a game. Marshall said, "Admiral, the next practice I'm coming out there and I want to see it done that way!"

Well, the admiral didn't pay any attention to him at all, and we were out there working one day when here comes Marshall in that big black car of his. He looks at us for a while, then he comes out and stops practice. He says to the admiral, "I thought I told you what to do."

The admiral didn't say a word. He just turned around and walked off the field and got in his car and left. Well, that kind of threw Mr. Marshall, I guess. Meantime, we just stood there. Finally, Marshall told me and a couple of other players—I can't remember who—he told us to get in his car. We were going back to the hotel with Mr. Marshall, and he was really mad. "Why could you let this happen?" he yelled at us. "How could you let that man ruin the ball club?"

We said, "Mr. Marshall, he's the coach. We're just the players."

But Marshall said, "Hell, I hired him as a disciplinarian. I didn't hire him as a coach!"

I thought that was the funniest thing. Oh, that George was wonderful, damn him. In fact, except for having to live in the big city, the whole thing was wonderful. **END**

**Season by Season, Month by Month,
All the Color and Action of Sports
in Your New 1970**

Sports Illustrated Calendar.

A handsome accessory for your desk or den, and a timely holiday gift for friends and business associates, the new spiral-bound Sports Illustrated 1970 calendar is dramatically illustrated with 26 full pages of colorful sports action, plus 60 color cameos from the pages of SI. A full 7³/₄" by 10", it is designed in a handy month-by-month format so that you can see your month's appointments at a glance. Convenient note pages for each month. \$2.95.

Please send the calendar in the quantities indicated at \$2.95 each. I understand that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return the calendar within 10 days for full refund.

Sports Illustrated
P.O. Box 5005
St. Paul, Minnesota 55104

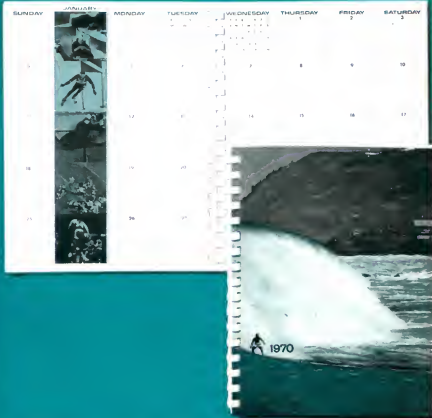
Please send me ☐ calendars (full color)
☐ enclose \$ ☐ check ☐ money order

Name

Address

City State Zip

The calendars will be mailed on or about Dec. 1, 1969.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOWLS FOR OSU

Sirs:
Regarding your article 62-6 (Oct. 6), since the silliest rule in college football prevents Ohio State from playing in the Rose Bowl, how about the Super Bowl?

P. N. BROWN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

While Ohio State may indeed have a fine team, no one will ever know just how good it is, for with its cream-puff schedule a 9-0 record would be meaningless. As of Oct. 5, six of OSU's first seven opponents have yet to win a game this year, showing a collective record of no wins, 13 losses and one tie. Your article referred to Minnesota as one of the "good" teams played by the Buckeyes this year. I rather imagine even the Big Ten would take exception to that, since Minnesota, in its first two outings, was bombed by Arizona State and tied by Ohio University.

Probably the best cure for Ohio State's heady complex would be to take the Buckeyes down to the Orange Bowl after they finish with their nine patios and let the University of Alabama dribble them around the gridiron for 60 minutes.

GLEN L. BROCK

Syracuse, N.Y.

SEASON'S BEST

Sirs:
William Leggett should be ashamed of himself. His article concerning the divisional baseball playoffs (*An Ideal Team in Huron's War*, Oct. 6) contains a sentence that he would never have written if he had really thought about it. He stated that Mark Belfrage of the Baltimore Orioles is now the best shortstop in the American League. This just cannot be true. Have you ever heard of Rico Petrocelli?

PERRY PEYTON

Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

When it comes to shortstops, Rico Petrocelli is the best. No one in either league could match his 40 home runs, 97 RBIs and 297 batting average. He also was only one off the American League record held by Phil Rizzuto for fewest errors by a shortstop in a season.

DAN MCENANEY

Lynn, Mass.

Sirs:

I think Mr. Leggett needs a lesson on the criteria for selecting the manager of the year. He said, "Earl Weaver and Billy Martin are top candidates in the American

League." Can he really be serious? There can only be one candidate for manager of the year in the American League, and that is Ted Williams. Anyone who can take the same bunch that wore Washington uniforms in 1968 and finished 10th and lead them to an 86-76 season clearly deserves manager of the year honors. The Senators finished only one game behind the Red Sox and a mere four games out of second place. I doubt that Weaver or Martin could have done the same with the (lack of) material.

ARTHUR R. GOLDBERG

Chevy Chase, Md.

CROWNS AND THORNS

Sirs:

In "There She Is" (Oct. 6), Pat Ryan has written a scintillatingly clever account of the Miss America pageants from the first through the present. She has shown why and how the current regulations governing them were formulated, with just the right sprinkling of syrup and spice to attract and to hold the attention of the reader. Of its kind, the author has produced a gem. And like a gem it sparkles.

G. M. W. KORED

New York City

Sirs:

I didn't think you'd be able to slip Miss America into a magazine dedicated to the world of sport, but, by jingo, you did it. You made it a "competitive classic," a "national sporting event"—"part contest, part pageant, part sport." Oh yes, and Sharon Kay Ritchie married two athletes.

Say, why didn't you send a staff writer to cover the unveiling of the "sporty" new 1970 automobiles or Hurricane Camille, which "sported" winds of 200 mph. And now that Jack Olsen has finished with Lew Alton (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Oct. 6), perhaps he could do a serialized biography of Lester Maddox, a "spoil sport" for walking (an Olympic sport, by the way) out of the Democratic Convention. And to remain nonpartisan you could do the same on Roman Brunka, who was a "good sport" for bowing out of that thrilling contest for Senate Minority Leader.

The possibilities are without limit.

WILLIAM S. ARNETT

Columbus, Ga.

AS PREDICTED

Sirs:

Each year after the baseball, football and hockey seasons are over, people write to tell you how bad you are at predicting the final standings and winners. I always felt that these people were quite unfair in their analyses, so here it is.

These percentages are based on the predictions in your April 14 Baseball Issue. I gave you 10 points for a correct choice and five points if you missed by one position. You received four points if you missed by two positions and three points if you missed by three positions. You never missed a position by more than three so my system stops there. The results of each of your league predictions were as follows:

American League East—44-50=73.3%
American League West—50-60=83.3%
National League East—46-60=76.6%
National League West—48-60=80%

You correctly predicted 78% of the American League and 78% of the National League.

BRETT PADGET

Regina, Saskatchewan

PHILATELY

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article on sports philately (*A Hobby to Drive You Crazy*, Oct. 6). Readers wishing to know more about this exciting hobby could contact Miss Helen Long, 248 South Herliock, Ventura, Calif. 93001 for information concerning Sports Philately International, its *Journal of Sports Philately* and other interesting aspects of its program.

ROBERT M. BRUCE

Wooster, Ohio

GATOR AIO

Sirs:

Excellent article on alligators (*See You Later, Alligator*, Sept. 29). It remains for people to refuse to patronize companies that offer alligator-skin articles: shoes, wallets, etc. The poachers would soon get the message, the demand would go down and they would end up going back to their real trades.

DAVID WILKES

New York City

FORGOTTEN MAN

Sirs:

Concerning your article on the Eastern Division-winning Mets (*Pitcher—and an Omen Favors the Mets*, Oct. 6), let's set the record straight after 21 years. The saying really went, "Spahn and San and Bickford and rain."

I haven't heard Vern Bickford's name mentioned in many a year. Does anyone know his whereabouts? He may be the forgotten man of baseball.

LEWIS M. JOSEPH

Jacksonville

• Bickford died in 1960 (of cancer at age 39). Arm trouble ended his pitching career in 1954.—ED.

continued

**Bold new
Brut for men.
By Fabergé.**

**If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try something else.**



Far after shave, after shower,
after anything! Brut.

10TH HOLE continued

SANCTIMONY

Sirs

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your article on the NCAA-Maccabiah basketball fiasco (SPORTSMAN, Sept. 15). As you know, the U.S. Maccabiah basketball team lost to Israel in the finals for the first time since the games were inaugurated in 1912. This was due to the fact that the NCAA blew the whistle on seven of our boys who were under its jurisdiction.

However, I would like to clear up a misunderstanding that has grown out of one of your statements, namely, that the NCAA reneged "apparently because an AAU-approved group was the selecting agency." While it is true that the AAU does sanction the Maccabiah Games and our selection committee, we have never called upon the AAU for any assistance in making our team selections. A number of coaches misread your article and erroneously assumed that that was the reason the NCAA did not sanction our team.

I am the national basketball chairman of the U.S. Committee, Sports for Israel, which sponsors the U.S. team in the World Maccabiah Games. My committee consists of former collegiate and professional basketball players. With the able assistance of Nat Holman, Roy Rubin (coach of Long Island University) and Herb Brown (formerly of Stony Brook), we selected the 12 players who made up our squad. A total of 52 boys paid their own way to try out for the U.S. team. We feel the NCAA should give us the same consideration they give to the Olympics and Pan American Games.

Thirty countries and 1,500 athletes competed in the World Maccabiah Games, so let's give our athletes who are selected the honor that is due them.

SON LEEBER

New York City

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

Rod Laver's Grand Slam is the greatest sports feat of the year, if not of the decade. I ask SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to overlook the Namathes, the Russells, the Kaposits and everyone else and to make Rod Laver the Sportsman of the Year.

ROBERT FRIER

Elmhurst, N.Y.

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year is Gil Hodges, for proving conclusively Hawk Harrelson notwithstanding—that nice guys do finish first.

JIM WELCH

Washington

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg.,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

**And Promptly Stop Itching.
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.**

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H*—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

CHANGE ADDRESS



**If you're moving, please let us know
four weeks
before changing your address.**

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
540 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State

Zip Code

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaints, etc.

To order \$1 check box ☐ new ☐ renewal
Subscription price at the United States,
Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean
Islands \$10.00 a year. Military personnel
anywhere in the world \$7.00 a year, all
others \$14.00 a year.

Are you ready for the way it's going to be?

Ready for the most exciting Grand Prix ever built? Ready for the car that's going to define all-out driving once and for all?

Or are you going to live in the past for another year? Miss your chance to order the new 370-hp, 455 V-8. Lose your seat in a cockpit that could have been swiped from NASA.

If you're not ready, better get that way. Because 1970 Grand Prix is the way it's going to be.

Pontiac's new Grand Prix

(We take the fun of driving seriously.)



mark of GM Corp.

The White Truck Company for 72 Grand Prix. Buick Wildcat, Cadillac Eldorado, Oldsmobile Delta 88, Pontiac Firebird, Pontiac Motor Division

**Did you know
that the average income of
the readers of this magazine
is in the country's top
20% bracket?**



**This reminder of your financial status is brought to you,
with ulterior motives, by Chivas Regal.**